PRIDE ~ *A Story of Life Today*

By Viña Delmar

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America's Best Read Weekly

JULY 16, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 29

"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."
—Abraham Lincoln.

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Cover by GEORGIA WARREN

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE!

Which do you value the most—your life or your money?

The answer to that question is apparent to everybody, but people are everywhere sacrificing their lives in the madness of money-getting.

And there is one phase of economy at this time that is growing more dangerous year by year. Police authorities are everywhere mystified because of the continuous increase in the mortality record in automobile traffic. Some claim that the automobile lights are given an undue amount of attention, and that drivers and pedestrians are not watched with the same care as they were previous to the use of these warning signals.

But it is now maintained that the real cause of the increase in automotive accidents is the use of old, worn-out cars.

The old car is fixed up year after year; brakes, steering gears, all important parts are repaired or renewed. "We cannot afford the price of a new car"—and that is a very good excuse. Many people are unable to make the investment required; they usually congratulate themselves on their economical attitude.

Everybody should save in these times; but rarely or never do they realize that in many cases they are playing with their own lives and the lives of their loved ones. If a car owner thought for an instant that patching up an old car would endanger the lives of himself and his family he would make almost any sacrifice rather than run such a serious risk. And dangers of that sort should be considered.

One of our friends states that while driving with his family on a recent occasion the old brakes slipped, and it was only by sheer luck that a serious accident was avoided. And he asks: "What price economy?"

He states that he saved a few hundred dollars by driving his old car another year; but if the failure of the brakes had wiped out his whole family, or put them in a hospital, or contributed in any way to their injury or death, it would have been a source of lifelong regret.

Not only are old cars a source of danger to the occupants, but they are equally, if not more, dangerous to other cars in fast-moving traffic. There are many antiquated machines seen on the road that ought to be condemned to the junk yard, and the occupants of such cars are often seen rattling along at a furious pace. When a driver sees such cars ahead he usually hurries past the "ramshackle," or else falls far in the rear.

The spirit of economy which is prevalent everywhere at the present time is absolutely ne[illegible] man life should never be [illegible]

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Pride

A Story of Life Today

By

VIÑA DELMAR

(Reading time: 35 min. 2 sec.)

FROM her deep satin armchair Mrs. Yasso eyed her husband timidly. A few minutes before, with a sudden irritated movement, he had switched off the radio set. And, she observed, he was not looking at the magazines she had selected with great care and placed on the smoking table beside his chair. He was just sitting looking into space, sighing occasionally, running his fingers through his hair, and smoking one cigarette after another.

She wondered how it was that she had been married twenty-four years to this man and could think of nothing to say that would interest him. The children? Would he relax and become talkative and at ease if she mentioned that the young Harris boy [illegible]

was such a pitiable difference between them. He was so faultlessly barbered, manicured, and tailored, so wise in the ways of the world, as glib as the children in his use of slang and smart phrases. And she was fat, at times uncorseted, and never manicured or marcelled. And she knew nothing of the great doings of great people, nor even how to sit comfortably in her chair while the cook prepared dinner. Always she must go to help the girl, though Flora and Ben laughed at her. Still, Maurice had bought her this home in the country, and he always came home to it and she believed that he always would.

She smiled at him now as she remembered that he *did* always come home, and that smile of hers made him suddenly regret that she couldn't understand. Always before he had shielded her from knowing everything. She was such a child at heart, so timid and so out of touch with the careless doings of a careless world, that he had never

HENRI was shrugging again. "I'll do it." Maurice ran his hands through his hair. "You will never be sorry, Henri."

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

wanted to tell her things that would worry her. But tonight he needed her sympathy and understanding.

"Molly," he said, "it's more than just being a good business man with me. Can't you see that? Sure, I was on the job every minute when we had the restaurant, but I could take a night off without going batty then. Now it's different. Owning a restaurant is different from owning a speak-easy."

"I KNOW, Maurice," she said, "but you told me lots of people own speak-easies. If there are as many speak-easies as you and the newspapers claim there are, then surely all the bad things can't happen just to you. Besides, you've often said your head waiter could handle anything without you."

"Yes; that's in my optimistic moments I say that. Actually it was Henri himself who opened the door to the wrong man one night, and it cost me two thousand berries to get out of it. Raids are tough enough. If you've got a few good friends, though, the trouble can be squashed and you can reopen. But there are other things."

"Like what?" she asked.

"Well, like this, for instance: We get a nice crowd. Dress clothes mainly. Nice people who have dinner and a few drinks. And we get a good after-the-theater crowd. But there's always a few roughnecks. They expect to have fun. If we step on them they don't come back again. If we don't step on them trouble may start plenty. Neither I nor any other proprietor has a friend good enough to save you, once there's been real trouble in a place."

She smiled.

"What are you smiling about?"

"I was thinking—oh, I am so silly, Maurice—I was thinking that it was like raising children. They want to have fun. If you step on them, God alone knows what might happen."

He scowled. Then suddenly he, too, was smiling. He took her hand and squeezed it. "You and your children," he said. "That's all you can think about. Running a speak-easy is not like raising children, Molly. You have to be a diplomat, a lawyer, and a never-tiring machine in order to run a speak-easy properly. Believe it or not, Molly, you get so you're proud of a place like mine. I like to walk in and know that there are decent, high-class people who love to come there knowing that it's well run and that there's no fights or rough stuff. It's a swell place. I'd like to take you and the kids there sometime, just so you could all get a look at it; but when I get thinking I have kind of a superstitious fear about it."

"No," she agreed. "We won't go, Maurice. It's best this way."

She was elated that she had managed to get him talking. He was not bored now.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[PRIDE
Continued from page five]

They sat for a second in silence. She was trying to think of an intelligent question which she might ask about the place. She was slow in thinking. Before she could speak he said, " So you see, Molly, I'm not just a decoration there. I've got responsibilities. You see now, don't you, that I ought to take a run down? "

She sighed and looked at the clock. " Maurice, it's only half past nine. It would be not more than ten thirty when you got there and your night crowd would not be in yet. Wait here another half hour or so and then go if you like. Rest a little, Maurice."

" There's always people in the place, Molly."

" Yes, but not many till eleven or so. You've often said that. Relax a little, Maurice."

He sat down on the edge of the chair and shook his head despairingly. " You're a pest, Molly," he said.

She smiled again. It was good to see him rest. He had such dark circles beneath his eyes and such terrible lines of worry which had not been there in the earlier, happier restaurant days. There was more money—oh, so much more money—in the speak-easy, but so much less contentment and peace.

He surprised her by asking, " Where's Flora? "

" Didn't you notice her leaving? She looked so pretty. She went over to her friend Beatrice's house about a half hour ago. She said good night."

" My mind must have been on something else," he said. " Ben's out, too. One night in three years I'm home, and they're both out."

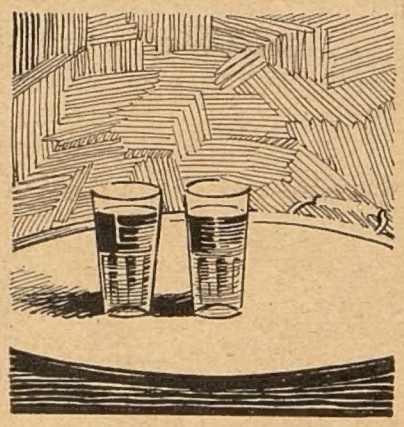
Her gentle smile again. " Maurice, they hardly know you any more. They would not know how to spend an evening with you. They avoided it because young ones are always shy with middle-aged strangers."

" I guess you're right, Molly. I'm always grouchy or asleep or in a hurry. I'll have to take time some day and get acquainted with the kids again."

" Do you think you can do it in a day, Maurice? "

He stared at her without answering. She was always surprising him with unexpected retorts. Somewhere behind those small black eyes of hers there was a brain that functioned at intervals.

He sat back and lit another cigarette. He could think of nothing to say to her. He wanted to get out of this room which in other days he had so earnestly desired. He was amused now to recall that he had thought a house in the country would rest him. He had dreamed of just such a living room with just such costly rugs and draperies. Now he had it, and its quietness was nerve-racking.



THE phone rang and startled them both. Who would call after half past nine? Someone with bad news. Molly Yasso thought of Ben in his speedy little roadster and of Flora walking through a dark street. Had something happened to one of them? Maurice Yasso thought of the speak-easy, his place, and he was at the telephone before his wife could raise herself from her heavily cushioned chair.

" Hello. . . . Yes, this is Mr. Yasso. . . . Oh, hello, Henri. What's wrong? . . . What? . . . Oh, my God! Where are you phoning from, Henri? . . . That's good. Who is she? Does anybody know about it? . . . Yes, yes, Henri, that's a good idea, but, for the love of God, be careful. Look, Henri, I'll be right down. If you handle this well for me you'll never be sorry. Do you understand? I'll be right down. Keep quiet to everyone. See? "

He flew through the living room, headed for the hall closet where he kept his hat and coat. Molly saw that beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

" What's the matter, Maurice? "

" Don't stop me, Molly. A girl just killed herself in the ladies' room at the place."

" Oh, my God, Maurice! What will happen? "

" I'll tell you tomorrow. Don't stop me now. And keep your mouth shut, Molly."

He was running through the kitchen and out the back door to the garage. She heard the garage doors bang as he threw them open. She heard the motor start; but by that time she was no longer sitting in the deep satin chair with its many cushions. She had moved swiftly.

He was surprised to see her standing in the driveway, blocking his progress—a huge, ungainly figure wrapped in a voluminous mink cape.

" What do you want? " he asked irritably as he brought the car to a stop.

" I want to go with you," she said.

" Oh, for God's sake, Molly! You can't be any use and it's not going to be a party, you know."

She was seated beside him now. " I told you something like that when the children were born, Maurice. You wanted to be near me, though, because I was in trouble. I feel that way now about you."

He uttered an angry oath, but he started the car again. Soon they were tearing through the quiet country roads. Maurice had courtesy cards from two or three of his customers who were important politicians. He was not afraid of speed cops.

" Now look here, Molly," he said after a time. " When we get to the place, take things easy, will you? Look cheerful and unexcited. Remember, we don't want to panic the customers."

" Sure, Maurice. Can you tell me anything of what happened? "

" How the hell do I know what happened? Was I down there on the job or was I sitting home like a stuffed owl? All I know is that a girl killed herself in the ladies' room. Can you think of something worse? "

SHE said nothing more. She had thought of something worse, but she knew he did not want his question answered. The thing worse than the girl killing herself in Maurice's speak-easy was the fact that Maurice had not said " poor girl." He had thought nothing of the young life that had been snuffed out. To him the important thing was the reputation of his place. Poor Maurice!

She looked at him. He looked tired and ill. His mouth was set in a grim, hard line. She wished that she could drive, so that she might take some little responsibility upon herself.

Just before he parked the car he spoke to her again: " Don't forget, Molly. Act natural. Don't let anybody tumble to the fact that something's wrong."

" I'll be all right, Maurice. Don't worry so."

She wondered how he could face his customers. But Maurice was clever. He would do the right thing, and so must she.

The speak-easy was a house and Maurice rang the bell. She had heard a score of times that the speak-easy was a handsome brownstone house, but just the same she had gone on picturing it as a brightly lighted open-faced restaurant.

A young man in dinner clothes materialized and peered anxiously at them through the grille work. Maurice said, " Come on, Ernest. Open up."

The young man threw the door open. " I'm sorry, Mr. Maurice. We didn't expect you tonight. I couldn't see well. I didn't—"

Maurice strode into the foyer of the building. His wife followed. The hat-check girl said, " Good evening, Mr. Maurice "

" Good evening, Evelyn."

The girl had red, wet-looking eyes, Molly Yasso thought. She had probably seen the—the other girl.

Somebody said: " There's Maurice. Say, I thought you weren't coming in tonight, Maurice. Henri said you were taking a night off."

Molly was surprised to hear her husband laugh. It shocked her that he could laugh. " Yes," he was saying. " The lady and I went to the movies, and then I just had to drop in. You know what they say about a hackman? They say he spends his day off riding around with one of his pals."

" Have a drink, Maurice? "

"No, thanks. Never touch it during working hours."

"But this is your day off. Hey, Maurice, detach the lady and come here. I've got a funny story for you."

Molly Yasso was left standing in the foyer. So this was "the place." The young man whom Maurice had called Ernest approached her.

"Would madame care to seat herself inside? Or does madame wish to wait here for Mr. Maurice?"

Madame thought it best to wait there for Mr. Maurice. Ernest brought a chair into the foyer and she seated herself. She looked about. She saw the bar with its busy white-coated barmen and its scores of graceful, brightly colored bottles reflected in the clear, clean mirror behind them. She saw the high-class people of whom Maurice had spoken. Some of them were drunk, she observed. There were tables, too. Maurice was sitting at one of the tables with a group of men. He was sitting on the edge of his chair. He was smiling, but he was anxious to leave these friendly customers of his and get to the night's unpleasant business.

MOLLY YASSO was conscious of the hat-check girl's eyes. They were staring at her. Molly's hands moved to her hair. Was the girl thinking that Mrs. Maurice was a very untidy woman, or was she wondering if Mrs. Maurice knew what lay somewhere in that very gay and lawless brownstone house? Molly wrapped the generous folds of the mink cape more closely about her. Perhaps it had fallen open and revealed that she was wearing the old green satin dress. It would not be nice for Maurice's employees to know that his wife did not dress high-class. Besides, when she held the cape around her, her hands were inside, thus concealing her broken, unpolished nails. The check girl would certainly see that the cape was made of the best mink and so Maurice would not be shamed. Molly stroked the fur in a spot where she found it slightly rumpled.

"Would you like me to hang your cape up for you?" the girl asked.

"Oh, no, thank you. I will keep it on."

"You won't feel the good of it when you go out."

"I think I'll keep it on." She wished she were wearing something nicer than the green satin. The brownstone house was very warm.

The front-door bell rang and Ernest admitted another couple. They paused close to Molly Yasso while the young man handed over his hat and coat. The girl was strikingly lovely and very young. Molly wondered if her mother knew where she was. The young man seemed capable of protecting her, however. He was tall and strong-looking and had a pleasant, candid smile. He passed a joke with the check girl as she placed his hat on the shelf. Then he led his companion to the bar.

Molly looked at his hat. It was an opera hat. Evidently the young man belonged to that charmed circle which Maurice called the "high-hat trade." There were other high hats present, too. But mainly the shelf held ordinary soft hats. About two dozen in all. Gray ones, tan ones, black ones. A few of them had silly little feathers stuck in the hatbands. One hat was a very dark green and boasted a small gray feather. She didn't like those feathers in men's hats, even if Ben had fancied them that afternoon. She could hear Maurice's voice booming out a big hello and she turned her gaze toward the other room.

Maurice was greeting the owner of the opera hat. He was evidently a very favored patron, judging from Maurice's smile and his profuse apologies as

"There she was, stretched out on the floor, her lips burned to a frazzle."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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he detached himself and came back to the foyer.

"Where's Henri?" Maurice asked the check girl.

The girl's eyes wandered nervously toward the corridor which stretched its length beyond the foyer. Molly Yasso wondered if the ladies' room was down there.

"He's upstairs," the girl said.

"Upstairs, is he? It's a wonder he wouldn't be down here sometimes." Maurice was acting for the benefit of Ernest, who was young and apt to prove excitable or too talkative. "I've been here fifteen minutes and he hasn't been down once to see how things were going. I think I'll go have a talk with him. How long is it since he's been down here?"

"About an hour and a quarter, Mr. Maurice."

"An hour and a quarter! My God, what kind of a head waiter is that? Come along, Evelyn. He'll say he was down more recently than that and you can be my witness. Ernest, watch the hats for Evelyn."

"*And* the door, Mr. Maurice?"

"Certainly. I'll send Evelyn right back. But, Ernest, remember the door is the most important. Come on upstairs, Molly, and watch me in a house where I'm boss."

Ernest laughed at Maurice's sally. He was in high good humor despite the fact that his duties would be doubled for the next few minutes.

He hated Henri and was pleased with the notion that perhaps Mr. Maurice would fire that most officious of head waiters.

The three walked upstairs in silence, Maurice leading the way and Evelyn bringing up the rear. One flight up there was the massive oak dining room, deserted now save for a very drunken party of four who were blissfully unaware that the waiters had been trying for two hours to induce them to go downstairs. It was not on that floor that Maurice paused.

They climbed another flight. Up here there were rooms that had once been the sleeping chambers of a nice, well regulated family. Only two of the rooms were furnished. One Maurice used for conferences and naps. The other came in handy when a very good customer was unable to go home or when a very good friend found himself temporarily without a home. There were five more rooms, unfurnished.

SOMETIMES people told Maurice how he could put those rooms to work for him, but his reply was always the same:

"Say, fellow, running a speak-easy is all the worry I got time for!"

At the door of what Maurice liked to call his office they paused, and Maurice knocked. He wanted no ghastly surprises. He wanted Henri.

There was a sudden sound of footsteps and the door opened. Henri stood there looking white and harassed, but his evening clothes were as immaculate and trim as ever. His hair was smooth and sleek, his boutonnière undisturbed.

"Oh, Mr. Maurice!" he breathed thankfully.

"Where is she?" Maurice whispered.

Henri pointed to the little room which served as a guest room. It was then that Maurice walked into the office. The others followed and shut the door.

Molly looked around and saw a desk, a couch, two chairs, and several obscene pictures elaborately boxed in heavy gilt frames.

"Tell me," Maurice commanded. "And tell it quickly. Something has to be done."

Henri put his hand to his forehead and said again, "Oh, Mr. Maurice!"

Evelyn said: "I'll tell the part I know. Then maybe he'll feel up to telling the rest. This young couple came in about half past eight and sat down at the little table where Mr. and Mrs. Reed are sitting now. Right near the foyer, you know. I'd never seen either one of them before. Before they sat down he said, 'Not a bad place, is it?' And I heard her say, 'Any place is a bad place if you're going to get bad news in it.' And he said, 'Oh, for God's sake, I'm sorry I ever had the idea that we could have one last good drunk together.' Then

"The girl kept on crying. They seemed to be quarreling."

they got seated and I didn't hear much after that."

"Who was he?" Maurice asked.

Evelyn said, "Search me."

"Who was he, Henri?"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean you don't know? How did he get in?"

"He had a card signed by you."

"What was the name on it?"

"Oh, Mr. Maurice, please don't be so exacting over trifles now. I did not see the name. I saw your signature. It was enough for me."

MAURICE reached in his back pocket and brought forth his cardcase. There were many cards in there with his signature already upon them: "O. K.—Maurice." They were always ready to hand to new prosperous-looking people whom he met here and there. He always asked them to write their names above his, but sometimes they did not. Perhaps some cards had been pilfered while his coat had hung in the barber shop. Never again would he O. K. them in bunches!

"Anyhow," Evelyn continued, "the couple ordered drinks, and they sat talking very seriously for a long while, and they drank a whole lot. Billy pushed the piano

over near them to sing, and the girl said, 'Sing an old one, will you? Sing He's Gonna Turn Me Down and Say Can't We Be Friends.' Billy sang it for her, and then she said, 'Now sing The Thrill Is Gone.' Billy sang that too, and she started to cry. She cried a whole lot. You know how a drunk will, Mr. Maurice. The young man with her acted very sore and disgusted. He gave Billy some money and told him to get the hell away. Billy went, but the girl kept on crying. Then they seemed to be quarreling, and finally the man laughed and said, 'You're drunk!' He said it loud, see? I heard it all the way out at the hatrack."

"You were leaning against the door because you were interested. Isn't that the truth?" Maurice asked.

"Yes, Mr. Maurice. I shouldn't have been, but I was. That's how I heard it."

"All right. Go on."

"She said, 'Well, drunk or not drunk, I'm going to the ladies' room, and when I come out you'll be the sorriest man on earth.' She was a pretty little thing, Mr. Maurice. You can go in that other room and see for yourself."

Maurice winced. "Well, what happened, Evelyn?"

"She said that about him being sorry when she came out, but he didn't know that she meant that she'd be brought out dead. Because he said to her, 'Are you going to kill me when you come out?' She said, 'No, I'm not going to kill you.' Then she went. He waited a while. Then he called for the check and paid it. Then he waited some more and of course she didn't come. He was acting very impatient. The last I saw of him he was fidgeting around in the chair."

"How come you didn't see him go out?"

"WELL, I wanted to go to the ladies' room myself. My nose was awful shiny, Mr. Maurice. So I asked Ernest to watch the coats and hats for a minute. I went down the hall to the ladies' room—and there she was, Mr. Maurice, stretched out on the floor. I thought it was just an ordinary pass-out till I saw her lips all burned to a frazzle and her hand all burned where the stuff had spilled. You see, she knew he was going to put the skids under her tonight and she came prepared to kill herself if she couldn't win him back. Poor kid! Well, I shut the door tight and went to look for Henri. It's not my business to tell the young man. I'm only the check girl."

"Yes, I know," said Maurice. "And you found Henri. Now, Henri, what else?"

"But wait," Evelyn entreated. "Mr. Maurice, listen. There's a quarter lying on my table when I go back and the man and his coat are gone. See, I always thought we should have a regular inclosure instead of the coats hanging along there where anybody can get them. He'd beaten it. Of course he didn't know the girl was dead, but he'd just faded out on her. Ernest is too dumb to watch the door and the rack both. So that's all I know."

"That's enough," said Maurice grimly. He had been standing throughout Evelyn's story. Now he slumped heavily into the chair behind his desk. He looked at his wife. She was sitting on the couch, staring thoughtfully at the floor. No help there. He looked at Henri.

"So, Henri, what do you know?"

"Very little more than that. When Evelyn told me, I went at once to the ladies' room and stood on guard at the door. Every lady who approached I said to her, 'Sorry, madame, the plumbing has gone wrong. The place is flooded ankle-deep.' After a few minutes I realized I must telephone you. I was too shocked at first to think of anything except how I could keep people out of there. Evelyn guarded the door, lying about the plumbing, while I went to the corner pharmacy and called you. I didn't think it wise to call from here. After I spoke to you, Evelyn and I between us got the girl up here."

"Did anybody see you?" Maurice demanded sharply.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[Continued from page nine]

"Only a bus boy who was hanging around in the hall. He thought the girl was too drunk to walk without help. He knows nothing of the truth."

"And now what do we do?" Maurice asked.

Henri shrugged.

"I don't know. It's a closed-door place, Mr. Maurice. We cannot call the police without shutting down entirely. You know how they are. They can close their eyes to liquor, yes, but not to this. They can't let us run in peace after they've acknowledged our existence by discovering a suicide here."

"I know, I know!" said Maurice irritably.

"Even our very good friend couldn't hush this up," Henri went on.

"I know. I asked you if you had any ideas what could be done. We can't keep the girl here forever. Have you any notion who she is?"

"None. Her purse had nothing in it except powder and rouge—you know, the usual things—and a few dollars. She was beautiful, yes, but cheap. Her clothes are fifth-rate and her shoes are scuffed at the toes."

Quite unexpectedly Evelyn burst into tears. Maurice eyed her coldly, disdainfully. "What's the matter? You didn't seem broken up before."

"Oh, yes," Henri said, "Evelyn cried, but I thought she was over that. It is too bad, but—"

He shrugged philosophically.

"It is too late to save the girl. Now we must save the business. How long do you think the couples downstairs would keep on drinking and laughing and calling for Billy's songs if they knew about this? Come, Evelyn, brace up. We must all think."

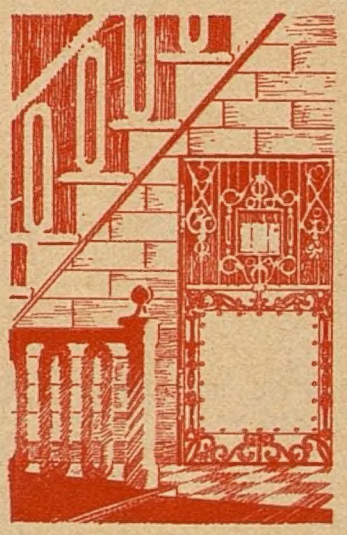
"Oh, I know," said the girl, dabbing at her eyes with a wisp of a pink chiffon handkerchief, "I'm a sap, but you nearly killed me, Henri, when you said the part about her shoes being scuffed at the toes. It seems so sad that she was down on her luck and so little and helpless and so terribly in love with somebody who didn't give a whoop in hell about her."

The others stared at her. Oh, it was sad, of course; but why sadder because the girl's shoes were scuffed at the toes?

There was a minute's silence while Evelyn sniffled into the pink handkerchief.

The men were thinking, wondering if they dare take the chance and call upon the very good friend whom Henri had mentioned earlier. Molly Yasso was still staring at the floor.

"I think," said Henri after a time, "that we must call the authorities."



"NO," said Maurice. "We will not. It means the finish if we do. Perhaps we could arrange to have this matter hushed up, but then what about the next pinch? Our very good friend will say then, 'Maurice, I could have fixed it if it hadn't been for that nasty mess at your place.' Henri, you said yourself a little while ago that it would be the finish, and it would be. You know that nobody gives a damn for the Eighteenth Amendment, but the place you break it in must be above reproach."

Henri smiled wryly. "You're right, Mr. Maurice. Besides, they'd add to the story. Some people would say that it had been a murder."

Maurice shuddered. "God Almighty, what's to be done?"

Evelyn made a sudden move toward the door.

"Sit down," Maurice said. "I want to ask you something in a minute."

"I was going downstairs. I want to see—"

"Well, it can wait. Sit down."

Evelyn seated herself beside Molly on the couch. The men went on mentioning this name and that. Perhaps he could help; but more likely he would not.

Certainly no harm would be done by telling the story to their very good friend; but then again plenty of harm could result.

What was to be done, then? Yes, what was to be done?

"I wanted to go downstairs and look around," Evelyn whispered to Molly Yasso. "Maybe he dropped a pair of gloves out of his pocket and they may be lying under the rack, or maybe a letter or a card or something that would serve as a clue. In books and even in real cases there are sometimes clues."

Molly nodded. "It wouldn't make the girl live again," she said.

"No, but I'd like to know who he was. You can bet your husband would like to know. I'd be glad if I had a clue to give him."

"Yes," Molly said; "that would be a help."

Maurice was speaking. "But I couldn't do it!" he was saying to Henri. His voice was shaking, and there was a choked, frightened note which focused the eyes of both women on his face.

Henri was shrugging his shoulders again.

"I'll do it, Mr. Maurice. I can do things, but I haven't the genius to think of them. I'll do it. I'm not nervous about such things. The war, you know."

Maurice ran his hands through his thick black hair. "You will never be sorry, Henri. How do you figure it can be done?"

"YOU can tell the staff I've taken a bottle of Bisquit Dubouché—no, no, of Napoleon Brandy, Mr. Maurice—and that I am up here very drunk. They won't come to help, for they all dislike me intensely. Say that I will spend the night here. You can pretend that you are furious. At four or so, when everyone is gone, I shall go about my business. I have my car."

"And if he's caught?" Evelyn asked, flashing a sudden angry look at Maurice.

"Then," said Maurice, "I'll tell the truth and stand behind him with my last dollar and every bit of influence I've got. But he won't be caught."

"No, no," said Henri, "I won't be caught. And besides, Evelyn, I am sure Mr. Maurice will be very, very generous in rewarding us for tonight's work."

Molly Yasso looked from one to the other of the people gathered in that room with her. She had missed something. The two men had made a plan which the girl Evelyn had instantly guessed and fully comprehended but which Molly did not understand.

"That's all right about the reward, but what about tomorrow?" Evelyn was persistent.

"Evelyn," Henri said, "please let me attend to my own business."

"You take on business without giving it a thought," the girl answered hotly. "What about tomorrow, Mr. Maurice?"

"Well, what about tomorrow, Evelyn?" Maurice answered. "Tomorrow the papers and the police are perplexed, as usual. I wish I had a dollar for every time this sort of thing has perplexed them. They will say that no doubt after a wild party in the home of a socially prominent man she walked to a deserted section of Long Island and—"

Molly Yasso stood up and started for the door.

"What's the matter, Molly?"

She smiled whitely. "I'm all right. Don't disturb yourself. You three stay here and finish your talk. I'm going downstairs to do what I seldom do, Maurice. I am going to have a drink."

"I'll send for it, Molly."

"No, I'd sooner go downstairs. I've heard enough."

"Are you all right? Do you want me to walk down with you?"

"I'm all right, Maurice. Perfectly all right."

She opened the door and went out.

They could hear her slow, heavy steps outside on the staircase.

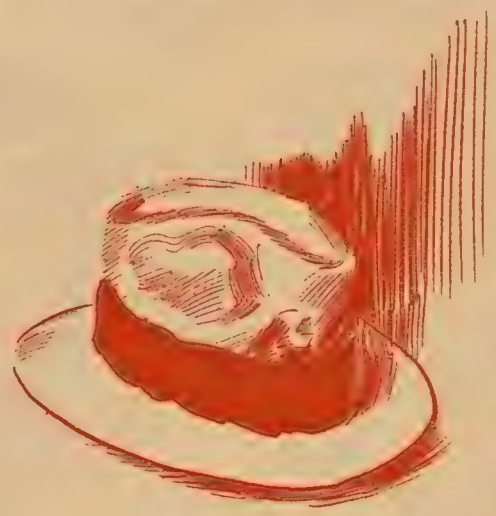
"Madame is ill from an overdose of reality," Henri commented.

Maurice sighed. "Yes," he said. "Closed-door places and suicides are new in her life. And you," he added, turning to Evelyn, "you would have to speak up for

Henri in such a way that any infant would know about the two of you."

"Mr. Maurice, she meant nothing," Henri apologized. "She worries, like all women."

"I didn't know that Mrs. Maurice had been spared the facts of life," Evelyn said sulkily. "Besides, I don't care who knows about Henri and me. I'm proud of him. That's why I don't want him all messed up by a couple of lousy dicks giving him the third degree. He's a damn' fool. He'd let them punch his face in for a dollar and a quarter. If he gets caught doing your dirty work and he doesn't talk right up and tell your part in it, I'll kill him when he gets home."



Henri laughed. "I won't be caught. It's a simple matter. Besides, if I am caught, we will call our very good friend and all will be well."

"Talking of having faces punched in," Maurice said, "I wish I knew the guy who brought that girl here tonight. I'd put Danny Russell on his trail just for luck. After the trouble he's brought her and us, I'd think he'd look well with a broken back."

"I'm going to look for some clues when I get downstairs," Evelyn said.

Henri laughed again. "She reads detective stories," he explained.

"Well, Henri," Maurice said, "everything is arranged, then. I want to get out and take Mrs. Maurice home. She looks pretty white and sick. I won't speak of tonight again, but I won't forget you. I'll fix you up, Henri. I'll fix you up right, and with part of it I want you to get Evelyn something real swell. Come on, Evelyn, you'd better go downstairs with me. It'll look more convincing to the staff."

"I'd better go is right," Evelyn said. "Ernest has probably given top hats to every palooka who asked for one."

"Shall I tell John or Philippe to take over your duties tonight, Henri?" Maurice asked.

"Better make it John, Mr. Maurice. Philippe is too obsequious. He doesn't hit the proper note."

Maurice and Evelyn walked downstairs. The drunken foursome, Maurice observed, had finally been persuaded to move out of the dining room. The room was dark now and silent, but reassuring sounds of music and laughter floated up from the floor below.

"What will the staff think," Evelyn whispered, "when you forgive Henri for getting drunk tonight?"

"They will think he was too damn' good to fire. That's true, too. He's the only reason I put up with you."

She laughed. "Your bark is worse than your bite. You're satisfied with me, and with Henri too. And as time goes by you're going to like us better and better after tonight."

IN the foyer Molly Yasso was sitting patiently. Her massive cape seemed bulked even more clumsily about her, concealing the shameful green satin dress. Only her head and the point of one shoe showed in that imposing, shapeless ocean of mink. Simultaneously Maurice said to himself that she was the most unattractive woman who had ever stepped into the place, and that she was a beautiful, comforting figure in this fantastic world of sin and secrets.

"Have your drink, dear?"

She nodded.

"What did you have?"

"A little brandy."

"Good. We'll go home now. I'm satisfied that the place can run without me, even though Henri is unreliable. There is still John upon whom I can depend. Wait till I have a word with him."

Evelyn was poking around under the hatrack. The toppers of the after-theater crowd had completely swamped the line of felts. "Did you happen to see a compact?" she asked Ernest. "Silver with red enameled stripes? Some lady asked me to look for it and I forgot till just now."

"No," said Ernest, "I didn't."

"Well, I'll look some more." Evelyn continued to peer at the floor and in the corners beneath the rack. At length she stood up and said with heavy significance to Molly, "I don't see anything."

"No?"

Maurice came back to the foyer. "Well, let's go, Molly. Good night, folks, good night."

They stepped through the iron grille door and it snapped tight shut behind them. In silence they walked to the car.

Maurice took long, decided steps. Molly took three short hurried steps to every one of his.

THE silence continued through fifteen minutes of their ride. Then she asked, "How do you feel, Maurice?"

"Lousy."

"But some better than when we came down, surely. Everything is going to be fixed again."

"Yes, I suppose; but tonight I feel terrible."

"But it's going to be fixed."

"Oh, sure it will be. Henri won't fail. But you don't understand, Molly. There's a pride in ownership. I like my place. I like its perfection. I hate things to happen to it."

"But nobody will know—nobody outside the place except me."

"Yes," he said. "That covers the financial part of it. People won't stop coming or anything. But I hate to think that something rotten has happened there. It's pride, I suppose. You like to see things that you're responsible for go along without scandal or dirt on them. Do you see, Molly?"

"Oh, I see, Maurice."

He fell silent again. What was the use? She was good and generous and loyal, but she did not understand the importance of keeping their dreadful secret. She would not talk because she was obedient, but surely she could see no sense in such secrecy. Black was black to her simple nature, and white was white. Molly's neighbor was always Molly's friend, and there was no dissembling. Perhaps, he reflected, that was why he did always come home.

The garage at last and the house. The living room exactly as they had left it. They walked upstairs without tarrying. Molly saw with relief that the two doors at the head of the stairs were closed. The children were home and asleep. Maurice took off his clothes slowly and indifferently. He had no taste for sleep tonight.

Molly went downstairs. When she came back she brought him a large drink of whisky. She had left her mink cape in the living room on the lounge; but later, after Maurice had fallen asleep, she went back to it.

Upstairs again then in her slow, heavy way, stopping a moment at Ben's door before she opened it and walked in. He sat up in bed and saw her huge bulk outlined in the doorway. "Mama, what the hell do you want in here?" he asked. "I'm trying to sleep."

"Sh! Nothing, sonny. I only want to put your new hat on your shelf. You're so used to that crazy fashion of going bareheaded that you leave your nice new green hat behind you when you leave places. And it's got the little gray feather like you wanted and your initials in it, too. Sh, go to sleep. Don't wake papa."

She kissed him and went downstairs. She was not sleepy. She would sit in her big satin chair and think of the secret which she and her son shared. Perhaps Ben would never know what had happened to the girl. He never read newspapers.

Molly Yasso at the foot of the stairs turned and looked up at the door of her son's room. Flora was a good, sweet girl, but Ben was his mother's pride. Nobody must ever know that he wasn't absolutely perfect.

She walked to her chair and sank down heavily on the cushions.

THE END

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Picture by
ROBERT A. CAMERON

Why AMERICA Will

Our Climate, Customs, and Police Despite the Tolerance

By GEORGE SYL

(Reading time: 16 minutes 55 seconds.)

WILL America go nudist this summer? Startling as this suggestion may seem, there have been indications that we might be moving in this direction. However, when they are examined, the answer is plain: America will not go nudist this summer, nor for many summers to come. In all human likelihood, it never will.

Recently the city fathers of Chicago were petitioned to permit nude sun bathing in certain sections on the shore of Lake Michigan. The suggestion aroused no angry outcry in the press. But after some debate a resolution to give it effect was tabled.

In New York City the authorities proclaim that they will insist upon "decency" on the beaches. "Decency," according to the New York formula, implies that even men must wear shirts. It also prescribes, more or less vaguely, the limits beyond which feminine undress may not go.

A survey of the new bathing suits shows that the areas of the body which are covered are constantly diminishing. The new styles for men and women leave little to the imagination. On many beaches women open their shoulder straps so as to expose their loveliness to the sun and to the gaze of male admirers. Men consider it no longer

THE new styles in bathing suits leave little to the imagination. On Florida and California beaches men discard shirts altogether, as they do in Europe.

Never Go NUDIST

Combine Against the Growing Fad, on Our Bathing Beaches

VESTER VIERECK

necessary to wear chest protectors while swimming. Florida and California are following the fashion of Europe, where men discard shirts altogether, and the low cuts of feminine garments approximate ever more closely the fashions prevailing in Paradise before the fall. The smart set is no longer seriously shocked by rumors of nude moonlight bathing by young men and young women at the secluded beaches of the very rich.

Nevertheless, not even the depression will make us all shed our clothes, or persuade the official guardians of decorum to countenance such an impulse, should we feel it.

Undeniably, in the last few decades the trend of fashion in the United States has been in the direction of nudism. Some twenty years ago the New York Athletic Club and other conservative organizations compelled their members to wear tights in the swimming pool. Today most swimming pools reserved for one sex look askance on any kind of bathing suit. We have become a nation of sun worshipers.

Psychologists recognize the hunger of the body for sunlight and for air. Every child loves to throw off its clothes and to permit its skin to breathe. Grown-ups find nudism, under the proper circumstances, no less stimulating. But they are bound by innumerable inhibitions. However, every day in every way our inhibitions grow

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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weaker. Every year men and women shed more and more clothes and consider with increasing nonchalance the spectacle of the unclothed human body in the theater, in sports, in the swimming pools, at the seashore, in art, and in the home.

In New York, in California, in Connecticut, and in New Jersey there are groups of nudists, men and women, who look upon nudism as a philosophy of life, and who consider it a social duty to exercise, to play, and to rest in the altogether without segregating the sexes.

Only a few years ago any such attempt to recreate Eden on earth would have been looked upon as a heinous offense. Today society looks upon nudism with more friendly eyes. The law, without approving of it, shuts one and sometimes both of its eyes to the practice. Occasionally a nudist colony is raided. A Californian group of nudists in Carmel-by-the-Sea had trouble with the civic authorities and experienced even more embarrassment from curiosity seekers. Airplanes, flying low, cruised over their retreat and made their Eden hideous with noise.

Recently a militant nudist group in New York, consisting of men and women of varying ages, was invaded by the police while taking setting-up exercises in the altogether. The nudists were haled into court under an old statute which makes it illegal to practice nudity in the presence of the opposite sex. The four policemen who peeked through skylights at the ungarbed athletes failed to convince Magistrate Goldstein that the conduct of the nudists was objectionable. Taking into account the changing attitude toward nudity everywhere, the magistrate said: "What is perfectly all right on bathing beaches today caused arrest three years ago. It isn't for me to moralize over these people."

Goldstein's decision established no precedent. It neither indorses nor condemns nudism. Like birth control, nudism will be practiced without legal status.

If general nudism were at hand, should we welcome it or should we deplore it? Should we regulate or repress it? Is nudism the harbinger of a new civilization based on a new morality and a new regard for the body, or is it a symptom of racial degeneration? How far will it go before it has run its course?

And what would our everyday world be like, with nudism practiced openly by everybody?

Rush hour in the New York subway. Men, women, children are shoved, pushed, crowded, catapulted like cattle into the cars by Herculean guards; and every mother's son and every father's daughter is stark naked. Foot on foot, knee against knee, they stand, unable even to fall or to stumble as the train rocks, because, herded together until not an inch of space remains, they form a living wall of human flesh.

THE scene shifts to a flyer speeding at a terrific rate from New York to Chicago. In the smoking car men read and play cards. Not one of them wears a stitch of clothing! Men gravely accompany their wives and their women friends to the dining car. The passengers delicately hold napkins on their knees. But the napkin is the only rag that covers nakedness. The Blackstone and other famous Chicago hostelries swarm with men and women minus even the most diaphanous garments. The Loop is crowded with automobiles, but neither the passengers of the cars nor the traffic cop are cloaked in conventional garb. In fact, they wear no garb whatsoever.

Hollywood. It is the grand première of a new monster film. Mercilessly the searchlights play upon the kings and queens of movieland as they enter the theater. Not one of them wears even the flimsiest shred. Two beautiful screen stars enter minus lingerie and minus Parisian gowns. Ramon Novarro walks proudly with Will Rogers. Novarro is clothed in a smile, and the only garment of Will Rogers is the lasso which he swings jauntily above his head. Maurice Chevalier sheds his dinner coat but clings to his hat. "Positively indecent!" a dowager exclaims, furtively eying the hat. "It is the last straw!" hisses a shocked movie tycoon. Not only the celebrities, but the audience, are entirely nude.

But while nudity reigns supreme every lingerie shop closes its doors. Suicides among clothing manufacturers exceed those of brokers in a year of depression. The silk industry of Japan is ruined completely. No longer are lambs shorn of their wool. No mammy songs enliven deserted plantations. Cotton mills stop spinning. Dressmakers knock disconsolately at the gates of the poorhouse. Department stores look like funeral parlors. Everywhere great industries are paralyzed.

Such would be the startling change which would revolutionize civilized life if the extreme nudists should succeed in converting America to their doctrine. The picture I have drawn is exaggerated, but it represents the Utopia of nudism.

IN Japan, from time immemorial, men and women have bathed together in nature's own suit. In Scandinavian countries men and women disport themselves at the seashore and in swimming pools without the apology of a loin cloth. In Sweden gay youths and gay young women play tennis in the nude! Nude bathing prevails in the Soviet Republic. Some years ago a group of determined nudists appeared on the streets of the Russian capital minus even a fig leaf. They braved the chilling winds merely to assert their right to nudity. But the Commissioner of Health forbade the nudists to disport themselves on the street, not because nudity constituted an offense, but because it was not adapted to the Russian climate!

In Germany, the home of the modern nudist movement, the authorities recognize the right of the nudists to nudity. In Hamburg, in Berlin, and in innumerable other places there are nude colonies where men and women spend their week-ends and their summers without clothes. I myself laved my lily limbs in a swimming pool in Berlin devoted to mixed nude bathing. There was nothing particularly thrilling in the sight of the naked bathers after the first shock of surprise.

It is estimated that the nudist movement in Germany has half a million adherents. German nudists, strange to say, are divided along party lines. There are bourgeois, communist, and monarchist nudists! Each group has its own private paradise where it spends its week-ends and indulges in various athletic contests. Maurice Parmelee, in Nudism in Modern Life, and Frances and Mason Merrill, in their Adventures Among the Nudists, effectively describe these activities. A Frenchman, Louis-Charles Royer, records his experiences in a book which he calls From the Land of Naked Men. All these witnesses agree that the nudists make up in decorum for what they lack in clothes.

In Germany the socialists have most earnestly taken up nudism. To many of the unemployed of either sex nudism recommends itself because it saves expenditures for new suits and new frocks. The Youth Movement in Germany is in sympathy with nudism. German Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls on their long tours through the woods wear as few clothes as possible, and shed them at every possible opportunity, without the slightest concern for ancient taboos that make the body a thing of shame. The picture of the young men and young women, sun-tanned from head to foot, playing medicine ball or dancing together on a green meadow, has the same effect as a lovely painting.

The protruding stomachs of their elders are not, I admit, things of beauty. But, they argue, we do not hide our faces, even if they are plain. Why should we hide our bodies, even if we are not Apollos or could never enter into a beauty contest with the Venus de Milo?

"Alas," exclaims Vicki Baum, author of Grand Hotel, in The Nudist, "human beings are not always so beautiful as animals and plants! The habit of wearing clothes, of living the way we do, has deformed our bodies. Even a gazelle would lose its figure if it were compelled to sit at a desk eight hours a day. . . .

"Not so long ago in Germany we rediscovered nudity. More exactly, we discovered something that I would like to call 'body-consciousness.' To explain that there are two kinds of nakedness would be useless. On one hand, men and women can undress shamelessly and with lewd intentions —as they do in a thousand night clubs and leg shows. On the other, they can be naked—naked as God made them. This is the nakedness we know in Germany."

Crossing the Rhine, nudism invaded France. It made converts in England, and inspired an amusing skit on the nudist cult by Anthony Gibbs. In his story an eccentric London multimillionaire, Lord Surbiton, is obsessed by the idea that nudism will save the world. He hires a new Adam, who is to be the first of the new men.

However, terrific difficulties arise. Lord Waterbank in his newspapers declares that here is something for which Englishmen will lay down their lives if need be. The great publisher urges his readers to rally, "to enter the lists in defense of England's women, the established religion, and the purity of the little ones." Lord Surbiton buys newspapers for his nude propaganda. He acquires a bus system. Each bus has a nude conductor!

THE idea takes root. Soon Kensington Gardens goes nude. Surrey follows. The Conservatives make antinudism the chief plank in their platform. Civil war threatens, and the book winds up with the spectacle of an army of nudists marching on London.

Unfortunately, the English climate, as Havelock Ellis, the greatest authority on sex in the English-speaking world, pointed out to me when I discussed this subject with him, is not adapted to nudism. Ellis approves of nudism as a principle. But in his preface to Parmelee's book he admits that he has not the slightest intention of following Dr. Parmelee's example in joining a nudist society.

"I am pleased," he says, "that such societies exist; I can see that they perform a valuable function. Personally, however, I am well content to continue to follow an old practice of simply encouraging the practice of nakedness privately and among personal friends. . . . Some, indeed, may be tempted to think that, without any movement of this kind at all, we shall automatically reach a state of pure *Nacktkultur*, at all events for women, by a continuation of the present dress-reform movement which finds such general approval."

Frances and Mason Merrill, having explored nudism in Germany in a recent book, now, in a new volume, trail nudism in America. This summer the Merrills plan to lead a nudist pilgrimage from New York to all the nude spots of Europe. Those who participate in the trip will receive the hos-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Continued from page fifteen

pitality of nudist leagues in Germany, France, and Switzerland.

I visited the nudists in their gymnasium in the heart of New York. The day I arrived new applicants for membership crowded the anteroom. All prospective candidates for *Nacktkultur* were subjected to a grueling cross-examination before they were admitted on trial. Married persons are not accepted without the consent of their spouses. Minors are excluded unless they are accompanied by their parents. The nudists prefer married and engaged couples to men who walk in single blessedness. The man who brings his own wife or his own fiancée is not likely to seek admission to a nudist group from improper motives. The board of governors reserves the right to suspend a member from the society without stated reason. This precaution enables the board to eliminate Peeping Toms and other persons whose desire for admission is based upon some morbid idiosyncrasy.

Out of deference to the wishes of the owners of the building, the New York group were compelled to wear shorts. Nudism in shorts is somewhat grotesque. However, I have also attended nudist meetings under other conditions where shorts were abandoned, where men and women naked as they were born mingled freely on gymnasium floors, in swimming pools, and under showers. A nude young woman scrubbed the back of a nude young man. He returned the courtesy. There was laughter, joy, and good-fellowship, no obscenity, no horseplay, no snickers. For the summer the nudist group has arranged for the use of a large farm of one hundred and fifty acres in New Jersey, where it will be protected from intrusion. The farm which they occupied last year is too small to take care of the increased membership, which includes several hundred men and women. Men preponderate in most nudist movements. Women prefer décolleté to nakedness!

Nakedness in itself is not nudism. Natives of the South Sea isles and Africa may go naked, but they are not nudists. The Greeks were not shocked by nudity. They exercised in the nude. The "gymnast" was a man who trained naked. A "gymnasium" was a place where the Greeks exercised in the nude. The Greeks had a word for it, but they did not practice nudism. Modern nudism has a philosophy of its own. The Germans invented that philosophy, and they called it by a Greek name—"gymnosophy." Gymnosophists are naked philosophers. Before discussing the philosophy of nudism let us examine the philosophy of clothes.

NO one, not even Carlyle, has explained satisfactorily the origin of clothes. We wear clothes partly to protect ourselves from the inclemencies of the climate, partly for decorative purposes, partly from a sense of shame. It is possible that modesty in this respect is not inherent in human nature. It may owe its inception to tradition and training. Some primitive tribes hide their faces but take no trouble to conceal their sex. The Japanese are not shocked by the spectacle of naked males and females forgathering in the selfsame bathtub. But the clothes of our women offend their sense of propriety. Western civilization closely intertwines clothes with sex-consciousness. We cannot doff our clothes in mixed company without arousing primordial instincts. Nudism attempts to purge our minds and our nervous systems from ancient taboos and inhibitions. It is a conscious protest against pruriency and concealment.

We are not nudists unless we denude ourselves deliberately, militantly, to emphasize our revolt against the conventions. The nudists parade under the banner of a new morality. Convinced of the sanctity of their cause, they are apt to deny that sex curiosity is an important element in nudism. Parmelee does not espouse this hypocritical attitude. He frankly admits that the natural and normal interest in sex influences the majority of those who enter gymnosophic circles. But many persons who embrace the movement are influenced by conventional notions to such a degree that they try, consciously or unconsciously, to disguise their interest in the opposite sex.

"Sex feeling and curiosity as to the appearance of the opposite sex . . . characterize practically all adults who enter the gymnosophic movement. After becoming habituated, sex stimulus through vision usually falls to normal, and the initial curiosity is satisfied. This does not mean that no more gratification is derived from association with the opposite sex, but merely that the gratification is more diffused and equable. As a matter of fact, gymnosophic association is much more satisfactory than in clothed society, because both sexes can see everything they crave, and no disturbing feelings are aroused by irritating and unwholesome concealment."

PARMELEE insists that the stress and strain of adolescence will be greatly diminished and the young will approach maturity and the fulfillment of their sex functions in a much more normal and healthy fashion if the individual is accustomed from infancy to see both the male and the female adult body. Gymnosophy, he insists, is the best possible preparation for mating and marriage, not only because it completes sex education, but also because it brings the youth of both sexes together in the most natural manner. Nudism enables them to become familiar with each other's bodies, so that there can be no deception before mating and marriage.

Men and women are now judged as to their fitness for parenthood upon their appearance with clothes. It is on this basis that the decisions are reached which determine what persons are to become parents. A pretty face on top of an ugly and unhealthy body whose defects are carefully covered by shrewdly adjusted clothing triumphs over a face not so beautiful but crowning a beautiful and healthy body well fitted for motherhood. "Clothes, therefore," Parmelee insists, "constitute a factor for dysgenic selection, while nudity is a force for eugenic selection. The practice of nudity is likely to secure a more beautiful and healthier race."

We may admit the virtue of Mr. Parmelee's argument without agreeing that nudism should be encouraged universally. Nudism may be exhilarating and healthy on a private beach, among a group of people who embrace its principles and its philosophy. But it is decidedly objectionable in the toss and tumble of a popular beach like Coney Island. Racial and temperamental conflicts are almost inevitable under such conditions. A single lascivious suggestion, a single untoward gesture, vitiates the paradisiacal atmosphere which nudism needs to flourish.

The nudists are pioneers in a reform movement. Being pioneers, some of them shoot beyond their mark. Like every advanced movement, nudism has its lunatic fringe. It attracts the Peeping Tom, the morbid exhibitionist, and the crank. Where it accentuates morbidity, nudism is a disease. Where it leads to the relaxation of unhealthy inhibitions, it may point the way to racial regeneration.

It has taken mankind thousands of years to evolve clothes. It will take many decades before the majority of men and women learn to doff their vestments gracefully without inhibitions. Nudism destroys many values which have constituted hitherto the romance and the poetry of sex. If nudism were to become general, we should have to rewrite our literature, repaint our paintings, and revise our notions of modesty. The price of *Nacktkultur* appears to be too high for civilization to pay.

THE END

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LOVE IS A LAU

But Who Can Tell What's in a Woman's Heart?

(Reading time: 22 minutes 10 seconds.)

JAMES NATHAN WINTER rose uncertainly on one elbow and spoke his mind at the door that had just closed behind the bath steward. His opinion expressed, he sank back again on his pillow.

The sunlight that streamed through the porthole rested with annoying brightness upon his tousled black hair and upon his eyes, slightly puffy and reluctant to open. James Winter lay, trying to concentrate. He had not yet pulled himself together and his features were at ease, relaxed from their usual precocious expression of success. He looked mussed and in need of several little ministrations, but human.

That would have been a surprise to many who, had they thought about it, would have supposed that he would somehow manage to wake up antiseptically.

James Winter was a successful surgeon. For a man still in his thirties that is something of a phenomenon, as no one knew better than he. From his student days he was one of those who "while his companions slept was toiling upward in the night."

However, on Wednesday, September fifteen, he had sailed from New York on the Roma and had temporarily ceased to toil upward.

He had not entirely forgotten how to relax. But it made the mornings difficult. This morning was particularly trying. But character disintegrates slowly at first, so James began stoically to pull himself together. After a lapse of fifteen minutes he could have done an appendectomy.

As he put the links into his cuff he thought of Anne, and his fingers suddenly all turned to thumbs. Absurd, because he hadn't seen Anne for ten years.

"She'll be hard as nails," he reassured himself, "and hung with diamonds."

But he was not comforted. Then he brightened. She was a blonde, and blondes, he remembered, if they run true to form, fade early or else they break. Anne was thirty-four. A woman can begin to break at thirty-four, can't she? Certainly she can. He felt better. His hand had stopped shaking. Assurance came back to him. Anne was breaking. . . .

At approximately that same hour Anne sat, breakfastless, in a first-class carriage of an express to Naples. It takes a deliberate nature to pause for coffee and rolls on the morning on which one leaves a husband forever, and Anne's nature was not deliberate. If it had been, she could never have lived for ten years with Gordon. From a small child, warnings had never stopped Anne. What did the middle-aged know? Or the old? So she had married Gordon. To be just, most women would have married Gordon. Ten years can be an eternity or only a breath of time. To Anne they had been joy and despair and excitement and beauty and misery. This, at last, was the end.

Her slim body was clad in tweed of a flawless tailoring. If she wore diamonds, they were not discernible. Her face was turned toward the Roman Campagna that was swirling past the window, and the brim of her close, provocative hat hid all of her profile but the curve of her chin. The eyes of the Italian in the opposite corner devoured her. . . .

In the villa at Sorrento, Anne read the card of the

"You look so sure of yourself," Anne sa

foreign gentleman whom Maddelena announced to be at that moment walking back and forth under the orange trees.

"Like Fra Angelico, signora, when he cannot find the bone he has buried last week."

Anne smiled. James Nathan Winter had lost his bone ten years ago, and had never, seemingly, found another to his taste.

"Bone," said Anne, looking at herself in the long mirror, "for the life you have led, you are not so bad. Go out and throw yourself away. Jimmy is on the threshold."

She gathered up one of those wraps created not for warmth but for the bedazzlement of man, and walked, not too swiftly, toward the orange trees.

If she had needed any proof that she was a very beautiful woman, she had it in the look on the man's face, in the swift drawing in of his breath: "Oh, Anne!"

GHING MATTER

denly. "Do you never make a mistake?"

By

JANET A. HOLMES

Pictures by J. BARNUM

Her ear, attuned to gallantry, heard the note of protest in his admiration, and she knew that he had hoped to find her less lovely than he remembered. Triumph soared in her.

"You're heaven's gift," she said. "My life has been crying out for you. Sit down and tell me where you've been all these years."

IN the spiced warmth of the garden Anne listened to a James Nathan Winter who was only remotely like the Jimmy she had known. Time had hardened him, but it had given him distinction.

"You look so sure of yourself," she said suddenly. "Do you never make a mistake?"

"I made my greatest one ten years ago. Oh, Anne, how can you be that beautiful!"

She laughed. "Old-fashioned of you, Jimmy; almost quaint. For I'm not really the mode, you know. It's the day of the homelier woman whose wit plays hide and go seek with you in her face. The features are supposed to form and reform themselves—modernistically in angles, where you least expect them."

"Not for me."

"Well," said Anne, and there was a thin note of cruelty in her voice, "after all, these are not for you. There was a song that everyone used to whistle a long time ago, when you and I were children. You remember, it went like this: 'You didn't want me when you had me, so why do you want me now?'"

HIS answer was perhaps not so irrelevant as it sounded. For a surgeon to inquire about a man's health, whether his friend's or a stranger's, is undoubtedly second nature. The controlled distaste with which he began his "How is Gordon?" degenerated automatically into a professional solicitude.

Anne's delightful nose wrinkled as though it had detected a faint odor of chloroform under the orange trees. It would have been courteous of Gordon, she thought, to have had a palpable liver or something awfully wrong with his gall bladder. But she said quietly:

"He's very well. He's in Rome. I just came down yesterday."

There was nothing in the wide gaze of her blue eyes to show that they had ever closed over the memory of anything more bitter than a trivial squabble among lovers. There was little to indicate throughout the hours that followed, through the perfect dinner that Maddelena had created with no forewarning, that this was not an evening like other evenings.

"Anne!"

She answered with that slow smile that he had so loved, and for a moment all the years that were gone between were wiped out. They were so young and so eager to be out in the world, moving mountains. Fame? Why, quite simple. Like putting a rabbit in the hat and waving a wand. Practice a few times and the trick is yours. Well, the trick was his, but Anne wasn't. Exquisite and suddenly remote, she sat opposite him with ten years of life with another man between them.

The barrier was too great.

He raised his glass and Osti Spumonti bubbled against the dark line of his mustache.

"It's a charming villa." His glance swept the bay from Capri to Vesuvius and came back to Anne's eyes, as blue and as clear as this Mediterranean that washed against the shore two hundred feet below.

Her eyes held his for a moment and then, in the swift brush of the long lashes against her cheek, slid away with most of their story still untold.

"Gordon loves it," she said. "He'd be here, now, talking over old days with you, but he's detained in Rome by beefsteaks."

"Beefsteaks?"

"It's one of those stories that you don't believe but it happens. One of Life's Little Ironies. I could give you half a book of them."

"Scheherazade," he laughed across the table at her, no

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[LOVE IS A LAUGHING MATTER
Continued from page nineteen]

longer the successful surgeon, the fashionable consultant, but the Jimmy Winter whom she had been more than a little mad about ten years ago—"Scheherazade, I look forward to a thousand and one nights!"

Her eyes, brighter than the flame on the pale-gold candles, approved him.

"The story, of which I warn you there is only one, is called Men Must Die or Women Must Weep. It has to do with beefsteaks, but of that, anon.

"At Rapallo, last winter, there anchored next to our yacht one that no one had ever seen on the Italian Riviera before. American. It was rich but just a shade vulgar.

"New rich in the stock market? Oil wells in Oklahoma? Perhaps an Osage Indian?

"Well, it was a tin king from southern Missouri. A very rough yokel. Impossible. But he had a pretty wife—Ellena." Anne paused to reflect upon that which was Ellena. "She was very pretty indeed, with great dark-brown eyes and curly hair and a way with her, Jimmy—oh, yes, a way with her.

"The tin king was a great oaf, and we were all very sorry for her. We went out of our way to be nice to her, which was perhaps a mistake." Anne grinned. "She was what you call 'an appealing little thing.' All other women can just take the count before that kind. The general feeling was that the tin king should abdicate. His wasn't a great heart under a thick skin; he wasn't one of God's kindly common people. Enough said. But he wouldn't abdicate. He hung around. The smell of his money was every place, and wherever one went he was 'bulking big' on the horizon—even in Rome, where we all went after Rapallo. It was very annoying."

Long hours Anne and Jimmy spent on the sand.

ANNE'S slender hands made a gesture of brushing away something disagreeable.

"Then, suddenly, he was very sick. It was like an answer to prayer. We were all very pleased."

Jimmy frowned. The professional in him was shocked.

"Gordon went to see the doctor," she went on, "to find out how things stood. They weren't standing any way at all. Old Tin wasn't going to pull through. An operation was all that could save him, and his heart wouldn't stand an operation. In short, Old Tin was done for. Nobody was sorry. Gordon, acting in *loco parentis* for Ellena, went to consult with the consul about what should be done with the body. . . . What? No, not yet. But so obviously there was going to be a body. They decided to cremate it. It's so much simpler. Shipping things home is not pleasant and sometimes it doesn't work very well. Time," explained Anne, "never improves such matters. So they got the tin king in a lucid moment to sign the order of consent for his cremation. We sat around waiting. Ellena was very sensible. She didn't pretend to any grief. Why should she? Life was going to hold so much more for her."

A mirthless little smile etched itself around the corners of Anne's mouth. It had been too evident that Gordon was one of those things that life was going to hold for Ellena. She was tired of all the Ellenas. She was through.

"BUT then, you see, the man didn't die! Funny, isn't it? It was awkward for everyone. He got perfectly well; bursting with health. He knew what we'd all been thinking, too. He wouldn't give Ellena a divorce and he wouldn't die, and he sat in front of her and ate two rare beefsteaks for lunch. He's going on eating beefsteaks while she watches. Ellena is getting a little hysterical. Nobody knows what will happen. Gordon's thinking it out."

Anne leaned back in her chair and smiled at Jimmy.

"Well, Harun-al-Rashid?"

"Anne!"

He had loved her; it was in his voice now.

"Anne, listen to me!"

Listen to him? But it was at just such moments that Anne, maddeningly, never listened. Hers was the art of withdrawal from all emotional insistencies.

A certain Sicilian nobleman who was a famous Don Juan and a Russian grand duke who made exile a career might have warned Jimmy that Anne's heart was not a feeling instrument. It was an organ that pumped blood through the arteries to the veins. Simply that and nothing more. And Jimmy had had his chance and lost it. He should know. But what has stirred to the touch once may stir again.

When he took his leave of Anne it was with the visible reluctance of a man who must perforce go away from something which is not yet his but which he has made up his mind to possess.

Anne's practiced eye caught the shadows of coming events. "It's not fair," she thought with unaccustomed panic. "It's not fair, Jimmy. There's always a time in a woman's life when the man she didn't marry must not come back. This is the time. Can't you see? Oh, don't be a fool! Go away, go away, I tell you!"

But what she said was: "You might come to breakfast? Maddelena makes coffee like an American."

There is no surer way to lure a man who for two mornings has drunk chicory.

So Anne admitted to herself with a shrug of amusement. She was thirty-four and her life was over, but it would appear that the feminine urge to delight all men died hard.

"And I ask myself," she murmured to the face reflected in the mirror of her dressing table, as she brushed out her hair for the night—"I ask myself what is the good of it all? Face, you haven't done so much for me in the long run. Gordon rather liked you, it's true. But don't let your features get snobbish about that. A variety of others have also received favorable mention — Ellena's, for instance. Though I dare say he'll miss having you around. Life is like that, face. He'd rather kiss you than pay alimony to you.

"Well, face, look out the window for the last time toward Rome, because you're not going back there any more and you might as well get used to it now. Can you see as far as Ostia? Is there a dance on the yacht? Is Gordon— Face, control yourself. You're sniveling!"

THE lights of Sorrento glittered like jewels through the cypress trees. Across the bay, flame shot from the cone of Vesuvius and sank and flickered up again. But it could not light the sky as far as Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber.

Anne turned away. On the dressing table lay a letter from Gordon. She flopped it over. On the back she had written: "Returned unopened."

She slit the end with a nail file.

MY DEAR ANNE:

Inclosed is a check. I'm afraid you forgot to include divorcing me in your budget, as you're overdrawn at the bank. I can't have you separated in penury, so please accept this slight token. Don't get proud. We can deduct it from the alimony.

Anne laughed. The honors were to Gordon. And then she read on:

. . Your old flame, James Nathan Winter, wrote me that he would run in on us at Sorrento. Have a good time, my dear.

Still legally yours, GORDON.

That was, somehow, not so amusing. "Have a good time." That wish was an edged sword when two people could no longer play their game together. He cared so utterly not at all, then? There was not even a regret? "Have a good time"!

Oh, very well! Bring on Jimmy! . . .

The Mediterranean lay two hundred feet below, a sheer drop from the villa. The way down led through a cave that had two levels, each broad and high enough to have served a smuggler band for refuge and to have held their loot piled keg upon keg upon keg. It was dark and cold in there. When one came out at last on to the beach, never had the sunshine seemed so warm or the sea so deep a blue. Long hours each morning Anne and Jimmy spent paddling about in sampans among the grottoes, dropping overboard to swim, climbing back to stretch out along the narrow gunwales and drift out into the sunny cove. Or they lay on the sand, Anne

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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CONDENSED MILK

Continued from page twenty-one

in her bright scrap of bathing suit that was like a bit of coral washed up on the crescent of the beach, and watched Vesuvius smoke off in the distance.

With them, oftener than not, came Fra Angelico, who gazed upon the horizon with gentle melancholy. He was a terrier of sorts, and a pure introvert. Perhaps the hair that hung down over his eyes prevented him from seeing the world too clearly as it was.

They were charmed days, and part of their magic lay in the knowledge that they could not last. Their calm was edged round with destruction. It was that kind of stillness that lies at the center of storm which soon, now, would break.

"Would I," asked Anne, throwing her pebble into that stillness, "would I have made a good doctor's wife?"

Jimmy shook his head. "No," he said with complete seriousness, "rotten. They're mostly serious women with domestic virtues."

"Whereas I—"

"Quite. You're entirely unsuitable. You always were."

"Everything turned out very well then, didn't it?"

"It did not. Though I wouldn't have been James Nathan Winter, a damned good surgeon. I'd have been a globe-trotter who boasted about a patient he once had. Take a look at it. All the places you dally around!"

"Digging," murmured Anne. "After all, Gordon's an archæologist."

"Hunting for ruins in Rapallo and Monte Carlo?"

"We do have vacations."

"You bet you do. More vacations than work. I gather you dig up more scandals than aqueducts. Though for that matter, what in hell does anyone want with another Roman arch? The country's lousy with them."

"It's a trade," said Anne, "like any other."

This was not true. It was romance and discouragement and elation, and she was going to miss it so much that it was wise not to dwell upon the thought but to concentrate upon the certainty that some day she would be Mrs. James Nathan Winter, wife of that "damned good surgeon."

"Can you tell me?" Jimmy insisted.

"What? Oh! Well, it explains things about people who have died. It's autopsy in a big way. Now, you tell me things. About hernias and cysts and mitral stenosis. I might meet a doctor at dinner. It's unlikely; they so rarely dine; they seem just to eat—but I might meet one. He'd come in late, of course, for I understand they always do. If he says, 'So sorry. I had a puncture.' Do I say, 'Lumbar or tire?' Or do I just ignore it? These are points, Jimmy. Tell me about life and death and surgery."

"You're an idiot, darling, and, as I said before, unsuitable. I'd rather tell you about love."

"No, surgery. Love is only an incident in a busy man's life. I want the main facts first. Tell me about bones. The inarticulate ones. What can you do for them?"

HE told her. He warmed to his subject, and before long the scientist in him was lecturing.

Anne recognized the indestructible zest for knowledge that lies at the root of all successful research. It was in Gordon too, but with a difference. In Gordon, discovery was related always to life. It was people for whom he cared. What he dug from the earth was a link in the chain back to other peoples, the hint of whose manner of existence delighted him, as life in his own times delighted him.

But Jimmy cared for facts. If a corpse were instructive, the man, whatever his deeds, had made a success of life.

The sun was warm on the beach, but Anne shivered a little and wrapped her arms about her body, glad to feel that it was alive and not on a table in an amphitheater. But the undivided love of a man to whom the rest of humanity mattered so little must make a hot enough blaze on the hearth to warm any woman. It would be very different from life with Gordon, the bright, thin flames of whose passion were scattered over so wide an area. She put out her hand to touch Fra Angelico's shaggy head.

The dog thumped his tail on the sand but with his nose between his paws continued his tranquil gazing at the horizon.

A person to love and one's thoughts, his manner implied, were surely sufficient.

"Perhaps," thought Anne, "you are right. Tranquillity is something I have heard about, of course, but only as a word in the dictionary. I might investigate. We had better have the climax over and then I might begin. Tomorrow the Grand Scene, the appassionata, will burst."

But, like many a sibyl's, her prediction was not accurately timed.

At twilight a yacht anchored in the harbor of Sorrento. It was plainly visible from the villa and Anne recognized it immediately. She was standing in the doorway with her arm raised in the Fascist salute to Jimmy, who was coming up the garden path. She wore a dress of powder blue, which was Jimmy's favorite color and one that bored Gordon. The irony of this choice was not lost on her as she watched a flag run up the shrouds of her husband's yacht. The flag flattened out in the breeze just strong enough to spread it. It was a ridiculous flag, designed by Gordon, entirely outside yachting convention.

"THERE has been a need for such a thing for centuries," he had argued, "and in the modern frenzy in which we live that need has reached a crisis. You and I, my dear, are pioneers. We will keep wives all over the world from weeping, the guard in every country from being called out, and husbands from being untowardly embarrassed. When in port you see this flag run up, you'll know it means I'm on board to stay overnight. 'Owner on board and accounted for for twelve hours.' Accounted for, but not necessarily accountable. About being rowed out to join me, use your own judgment. There should have been a flag, 'Owner on board,' implying a definite number of hours, long ago. It's only good manners."

That was the flag that Anne watched now going up the shrouds. So he was giving her time, was he? Saying in effect: "Cover up your puppy tracks, my dear, if there are any. You've got twelve hours."

Anne's appraisal of the gesture preceded her laughter by the space of a breath.

What perfect discretion! Tact toward a possibly erring wife! How like Gordon! As she laughed, suddenly she remembered something.

"What's up?" Jimmy was standing with his face all puckered up, waiting for the joke.

"Gordon—"

"Gordon be damned!" He hadn't seen the yacht. It would have meant nothing to him if he had. "I hate Gordon!"

The quiet of the past few days was gone. The edges of the stillness were smashed in by his voice.

"He took you away from me and you were mine."

So it had come. Anne took a deep breath.

"And the best man won! You let me go. Without a struggle, Jimmy. God, how I hated you for it! You let me go."

She felt him wince, and a cruelty derived from that old bitterness drove her to strike again.

"It wasn't I who was afraid of being poor. I was so proud of you, Jimmy, I'd have married you and taken the breaks with you, whatever they were. But you wouldn't let me. You were afraid. Afraid of being poor, of being shabby; afraid I wouldn't love you; afraid of life. And now it's too late. Coward, Jimmy, oh, you were a coward. It's spoiled everything."

Bitter words. She was glad she had said them. Now he knew how she had felt when he let the world slide out under her feet. But her triumph was gone when she

looked up into the face that was bending down over her. His arms were around her.

"Yes, Anne. I know. Oh, do you think I don't know! The most pitiful fool on earth. And the years have been so bleak, my Anne. Coward, yes. Forgive me, Anne, but it was for you. Your hand—look at it, darling."

He held the white slender fingers in his. A ruby caught the light.

"Such a lovely hand, darling, made to wear rubies—not to work."

He bent down and kissed the palm very gently.

"I couldn't bear it. We wouldn't have had to wait so long; not until we were rich. Just until things weren't so hard, darling. But you wouldn't wait for me, Anne, my Anne."

Tears stung in her eyes. "Wait for you, no! But I pleaded to go on with you. Life doesn't wait. You have to take it as it comes or it goes by."

"Was it so good, Anne, after you took it? Tell me, was it so good?"

But she couldn't tell him, for his mouth was down hard upon hers.

His arms held her so close that nothing in the world could be sanely considered. As she closed her eyes, there floated across the dark an image of a flag flying from the shrouds:

"Owner on board overnight."

. . . . .

"My life," said Anne over her champagne glass, "has not been well plotted. I was meant for simple love."

"You were not." Eyes that were not Jimmy's twinkled at her.

"At least, then, a neatly turned episode. I have had neither."

"Your fidelity?" he suggested.

"NOT at all. My sense of humor. It has balked me every time. Oh, Gordon, I laughed so hard when I saw your flag and I suddenly remembered that Jimmy had never once made me laugh like that. He never could," she added desolately. "It's nasty of you. Why do you do it?"

"Why do you think?"

"Yes," she said, "I suppose so."

"You know so. Oh, Anne, other women will catch my eye up to the day of my death. That's quite true. But what's an eye, Anne, after all? You're the only woman I've ever wanted for a companion day in and day out, in every part of the world. You're such fun, darling!"

"Is that all—just fun?"

"No."

"Check," said Anne. "And what became of Ellena?"

"Oh, it was ridiculous. The idea, once I got it, was very simple. It did in the tin king's nerve in no time. It was this way . . ."

Half an hour later Anne was still laughing.

THE END

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3—Who are called Bluenoses?
4—How many drams in a fluid ounce?
5—What is anosmia?
6—In diplomacy, what is a protocol?
7—What are neap tides?
8—What is lactose?
9—Which is the smallest planet?
10—What is phlebotomy?
11—What is an osprey?
12—How many legs has a spider?
13—What is the installment plan of purchasing called in England?
14—From what part of a whale is the whalebone of commerce obtained?
15—From what is rice paper made?
16—From what is tartar obtained?
17—Who was the Muse of tragedy in classical mythology?
18—In what branch of mathematics is the term chord used?
19—What is sapience?
20—Is a porpoise a fish or a mammal?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

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SHOOT and Be Damned!

Wooden Spears and Wooden Shoes—At Last the Ordeal of the Holzwagen—Robbing the Newly Dead—Cold Steel and Delirium—A Dugout Commander and Rich—A Trench-Knife Stab in the Dark

By SERGEANT ED HALYBURTON, D.S.M.

As told to RALPH GOLL

(Reading time: 30 minutes 35 seconds.)

WITH ten comrades, Sergeant Halyburton was taken prisoner by German trench raiders in the night of November 2, 1917, near Bathelémont, France. These men of the Sixteenth Infantry were the Germans' first doughboy prisoners, and Halyburton was the very first to be captured.

Being the only sergeant among them, he was haled before a German intelligence officer, who "sweated" him seven days and nights but failed to wring any information from him. He and his comrades were then kept five weeks in an underground dungeon in Metz, after which they were moved across Germany from prison camp to prison camp. Their destination was Tuchel in the forests of West Prussia; they arrived there during midwinter weather of almost arctic severity.

The prisoners already at Tuchel, Russians, were dying off like flies as the result of hard labor exacted on a starvation

I WAS eying him like a fighting-cock, trying to stare him down. But at each word I spoke he took a step forward. I broke into a sweat, cold as it was.

Picture by WILL GRAVEN

diet in so rigorous a climate. The commandant, General von Kronkeit, warned Halyburton that the slightest infraction of the rules would mean a firing squad. Then a friendly Russian noncom in the noisome dugout to which the Americans were assigned told them that the general had ordered them detailed to the *Holzwagen* (wood wagons) in which fuel was hauled from the forests. This detail, he declared in pantomime, was certain to kill them.

What follows is an authentic war document. The names of all persons—except obviously true names, and that of Halyburton—have been changed. In other words, with these exceptions all characters in the story have been given fictitious names.

PART THREE—THE DETAIL OF DEATH

COMPARED with the Russians, we were still in top-notch condition. We were losing weight rapidly, however. About noon a German medical officer came into the delousing factory, accompanied by a noncom of the sanitary corps.

"If we get a chance, we'll let them know about your dysentery," I told some of the men who had been weakened by the disease. "Maybe they'll excuse you from work."

Our guards began to bark orders. We lined up, single file. The medico and his assistant stationed themselves on a little platform.

The animal heat from hundreds of naked bodies had raised the temperature at last, putting us beyond the possibility of death by freezing. Nevertheless, we were almost as unsteady on our feet as the Slavs.

Some of the *Schildwachen* passed along the line, carrying pointed sticks like spears. A Russian staggered out of formation. Immediately two of them were upon him, stabbing him in the back and buttocks. He reeled into place again, moaning.

Farther down the line another, attacked by spearmen, pitched forward. The doctor's assistant glanced at him and growled a command. He was dead. The killers picked up the corpse—it could not have weighed a hundred pounds—and carried it outside.

I turned to my fellows. "Whatever you do, don't get out of line. Hold to one another. If one of those sons of ——s stabs you, I'll kill him with bare hands."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[Continued from page twenty-five]

Fortunately, the keepers were having too much trouble with the Russians to molest us.

The " examination " took little time.

The medico clapped his hands and the captives, moving in detachments of twenty to fifty, faced left. He clapped his hands again and they faced right. The third time, they marched away. He seldom looked at the groups and never at individuals.

When it came our turn to file out for " inspection " I was doubly furious, finding the officer's indifference as maddening as the wanton cruelty of the guards. Three times his hands thwacked. Then we were being jostled through a partition into a bathhouse.

We were so thoroughly chilled now that our nerves confused our sensations. When the icy water hit me I felt as though I were being scalded. Several of the Russians who had preceded us were lying on the concrete, killed by the shock.

We emerged with all the fight taken out of us for the time being. Haines and Kemdall, both dysenteric, were near complete collapse.

Finally our clothes came back and we were permitted to return to our dugout. There we wrapped ourselves in paper blankets and hugged the stove.

The Russian noncom came in and renewed his gesticulatory advice. He was wearing a black brassard on his arm—the insignia of a barracks commander.

Each dugout quartered about one hundred men with a noncommissioned officer of their own nationality in direct control of them. The noncom was excused from fatigue duties but held responsible for the condition of the casern and the behavior of the inmates.

I was beginning to realize that I could do nothing for my little group of Americans until I had worked myself into some such position. Pointing to my chevrons, I endeavored to show the Russian that I was entitled to wear the arm band of a *Führer,* as the Germans termed them. My men should have a separate casern and an interpreter, I argued.

THE Slav seemed to get me, but his evident fear of the Germans made me doubt whether he would carry my demands to them. In other matters he was eager to help. I got out a pencil and pretended to write.

" *Da, da—ja, ja!* " he chortled, producing four military post cards.

I spent the evening writing messages to the American Red Cross, addressing the organization at London, Paris, New York, and Geneva.

Tuesday morning we were again out in the snow before the stars had vanished. I found Loughman suffering fearfully from cramps.

" I guess my number's up," he told us.

" Try to keep going," I urged. " We'll stick with you."

The *Schildwache* gave us a marching order and we pushed out of the inclosure, two of us supporting poor Loughman. We were paraded to the *Zeughaus,* or magazine, where a *Feldwebel* directed the guards to remove our footwear.

Picture by WILL GRAVEN

I might have called for help, but I continued to wrench his arm.

The men looked at me for instructions, and I signaled them to surrender their boots, seeing that we might lose far more if we resisted. The *Feldwebel* made some sneering remark in German. Having completed the confiscation of our shoes, he began tossing pairs of sabots to us, paying no attention to size. Their soles were wood and their uppers paper. Inside each sabot was a paper rag for use as a sock.

Looking up, I found the *Feldwebel* standing over me.

" In America you have a saying, ' If the shoe fits, wear it,' " he gibed in English, speaking without accent. " How would you like to be back in America? "

I was more than a little startled, having despaired of finding a German in the camp who knew our tongue.

" WHY don't you say something, sergeant? " he continued to mock me. "There are a number of us here who speak English. We would be glad to hear your complaints. Perhaps you're hungry. Perhaps you'd like to have me get you a porterhouse steak with mushroom sauce."

Now I could understand our failure to find an interpreter. They were bent on making us as miserable as possible.

" You seem to like your sabots, sergeant. Now I'll take your overcoat. I have a paper coat that'll just fit you."

I folded my arms and looked him squarely in the face, saying nothing. He glanced at the guards, apparently on the point of ordering the O. D. wool torn from my back.

Then he shrugged. " Oh, keep it. We'll be getting many like it soon."

As we marched back to our dugout, Loughman was again attacked by cramps. We appealed to the Russian *Führer* to have him sent to the camp hospital. A long parley ensued, but finally our stricken comrade was carried away.

In view of what the *Führer* said about the hospital, we saw no chance for Loughman to recover. As the Russian pictured it to us, the place was only a stopping point on the way to the graveyard. Patients were jammed into it; doctors and attendants were pitifully few. The food was hardly more vitalizing than that doled out to prisoners supposedly able-bodied.

" *Ein Tag—ein, zwei,*" said the *Führer,* with a gesture of finality. " *Zwei Tage—begraben!* "—pretending to dig.

" We understand," I told him. " Our comrade will be dead and buried in two days. But the rest of us—*Holzwagen—wenn?* "

" *Da, da*"—the Russians' " yes, yes." " *Morgendämmerung—alles. Nacht—kein. Kamerad*—oh, oh! "

Tomorrow morning we would be put on the wood wagon. Tomorrow night we would be dead. I could believe him.

About five thirty next morning I was roused by cries: " *Amerikaner—raus, raus!—Arbeit, Arbeit!* "

Rolling out of my bunk, I found the dugout had been invaded by a squad of *Schildwachen.* Their rifles dangled from their shoulders on slings, saw-tooth bayonets fixed to the muzzles. Even more significant were the preparations they had made to face arctic weather.

As the rest of the Americans tumbled from their

niches, I examined their clothes and got reports on how they felt.

"I'm O. K.," was the response from each man, though all should have been receiving medical attention.

"Boys, we're going up against the real thing this time," I announced. "But we're not going to lie down and let ourselves freeze to death. We've got guts."

The Russians had a neat method of wrapping their feet in sock rags. I advised that all of us use it and try to cover our hands and faces. Torn-off shirt tails would answer this purpose.

There were no stars that morning—only a black sky, white fields, and the bitter cold. Toward the main gate the *Schildwachen* conducted us. Unaccustomed to sabots, we were skating rather than walking, putting forth twice the effort ordinarily required. Even so, we were pushed forward faster than was necessary.

"Easy, boys—easy!" I kept repeating. I was weighing every bit of energy we expended.

We reached the *Zeughaus*. From a near-by shed fifteen or twenty low-wheeled wagons had been dragged into line.

THE guards halted us beside one of them. Its drawgear consisted of a long chain to which ten iron bars had been fastened in the manner of whippletrees.

Detachments of Russians were being driven up to the other wagons, the *Schildwachen* assigning two men to each bar. The supernumeraries were brought over to team with us.

"*Ziehe, Amerikaner,*" commanded a dwarfish *Unteroffizier*.

My success in bluffing the *Feldwebel* in the *Zeughaus* had given me confidence. I remained motionless while the rest picked up their ends of the whippletrees.

The *Unteroffizier* advanced upon me slowly, his eyes glaring. He was pointing to the pulling bar with one hand and unslinging his Mauser with the other.

I showed him my chevrons. "Sergeant—*Feldwebel. Arbeit, nein!*"

A firm stand would help put across the idea that Americans were to be treated as human beings.

"*Ziehe!*" the commander of the escort growled again.

I was eying him like a fighting-cock, trying to stare him down. But he was made of different stuff than the fellow who had ordered me to surrender my overcoat. Without hesitating, he leveled his bayonet at my middle.

"Sergeant — no work — *Arbeit, nein,*" I repeated, while my stomach turned flip-flops.

At each word the *Unteroffizier* took another step forward. Now his steel was within a foot of my body. My eyes began to waver, going from his half-hidden face to the saw-tooth blade. I broke into a sweat, cold as it was.

"O. K., colonel—you win." I forced

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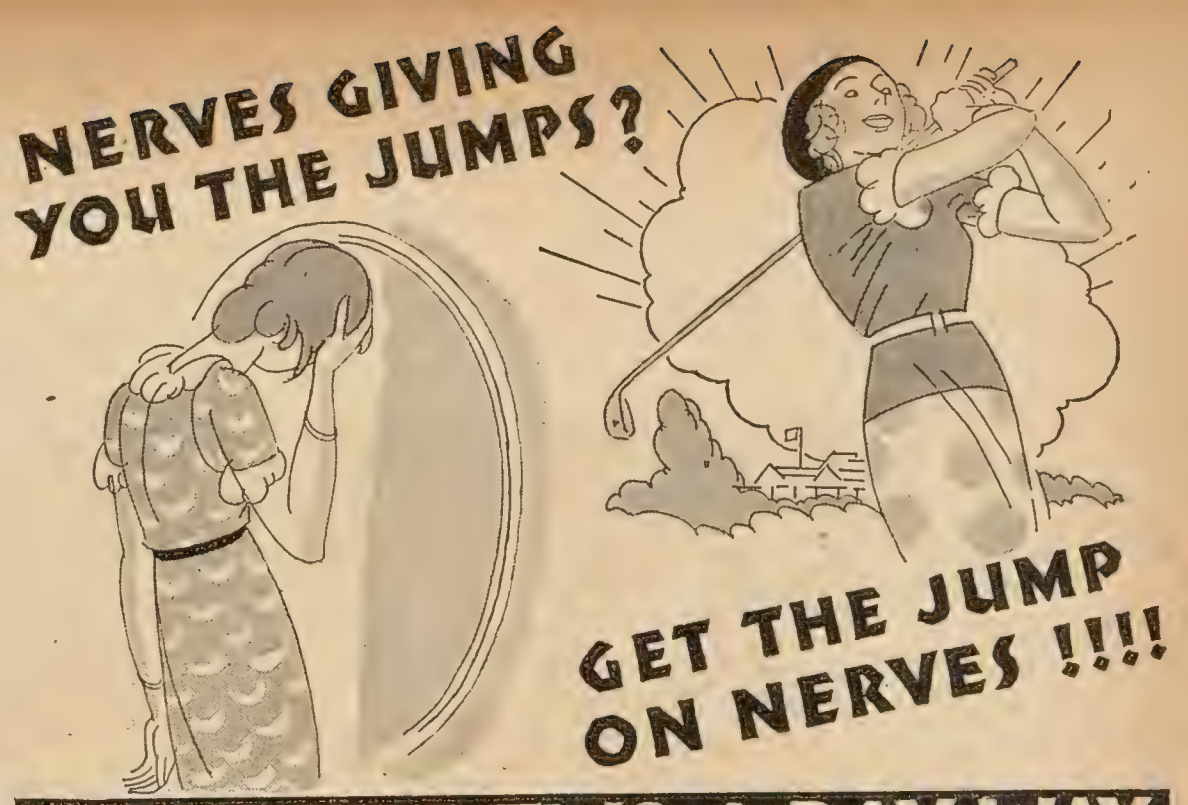

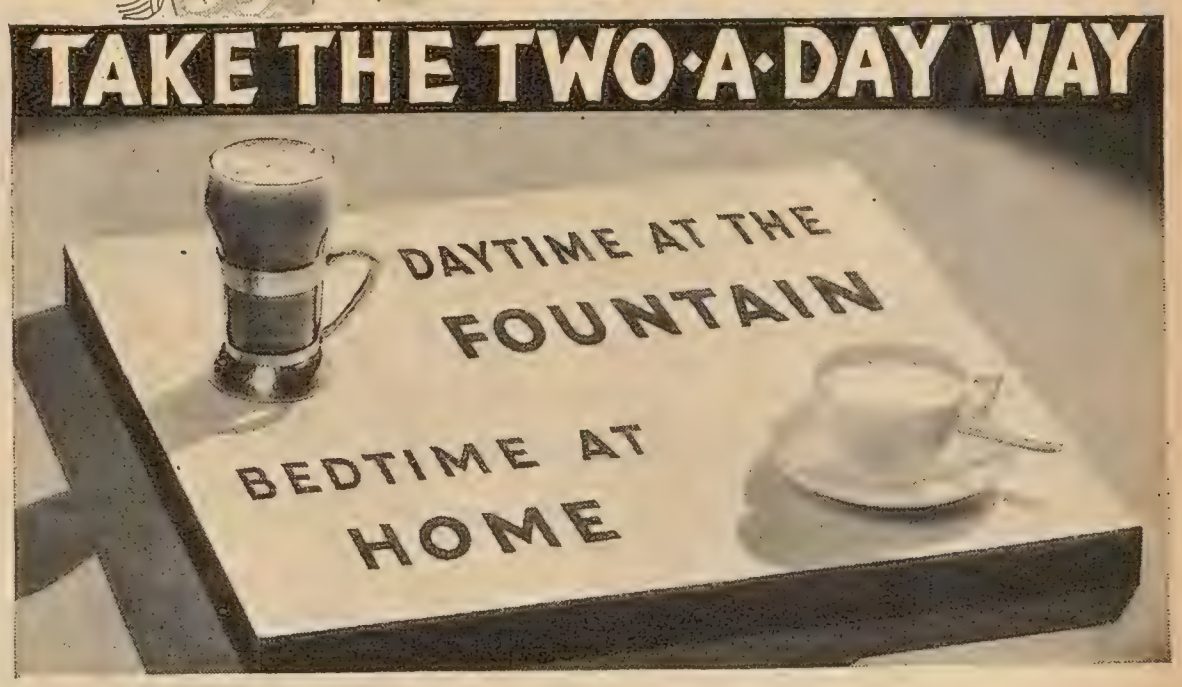

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[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED!
Continued from page twenty-seven]

a grin and took hold of my end of the pulling bar.

Ahead of us the wagons were in motion.

"*Vorwärts!*"

We bent to our labor. Our wagon groaned and started rolling. We passed out into the forest.

Moistened by our breathing, the rags around our mouths and noses grew stiff with ice. Snow packed on our sabots' wooden soles, making it ever more difficult to walk. The heels and insteps cut and bruised our feet.

Sometimes we slipped and went to our knees. Clinging to the bars, we were helped to our feet by our teammates.

The dawn began to light the east. The other wagons became visible, winding like a funeral train between endless walls of firs. The guards, trudging along beside us, seemed not to care what we did, so long as we kept pulling. Suddenly the man ahead of me halted. I felt the chain go slack. Then the wagon stopped. A rest had been called.

A Russian on one of the leading carts was down. He seemed to curl up in the snow. I thought of a worm dropped on a hot stove lid. After several minutes two of his fellow prisoners heaved him into the wagon box.

"*Dem ist nicht zu helfen,*" said a Russian on our chain.

I caught the *Unteroffizier's* eye and motioned ahead.

"*Wenn?*"

"*Eine Stunde,*" he growled the inevitable answer.

God-damning him behind my mask, I promised myself that I would never again ask how much of a journey lay ahead.

As noon approached we found ourselves in a place where lumbering operations had recently been suspended. Here and there were piles of stumps, all deeply covered with snow. We dragged our wagon to one of them and began loading the heavy chunks, a task that required us to expose our hands most of the time. We had got two or three of the stumps into the box when the German-speaking Russian, working at my side, groaned and dropped to his knees. I caught his arm and called to a guard. "*Dort,*" he directed, waving away from the wagon.

I understood that I was to get the Russian out of the way, so I pulled him to the lee of the stump pile. As I tried to prop him up out of the snow I touched one of his hands. It was beginning to stiffen. Five minutes later his face was white with frost.

ABOUT midday a horse-drawn cart appeared on the trail leading up from the camp. One Slav pointed to it. "*Suppe!*" he croaked.

All the other Russians were gesticulating excitedly. The *Schildwachen* unslung their rifles and lined up to defend the ration against a possible rush.

"Don't go near the cart until they call us," I cautioned.

When the cart stopped we lined up a hundred yards away. The prisoners' soup was unloaded. A *Schildwache* reached into a can with a ladle. Maddened by the sight and smell of food, twenty or thirty Russians pressed forward, overturning the container. They let out a terrible howl and went down on their knees and bellies, trying to suck up the spilled liquid. The hunger-madness spread to other prisoners. Then the guards, banding together, charged into the mass of maniacs, stabbing right and left with their bayonets.

When it was over, a half dozen Russians lay beside the overturned can. The other cans were being opened as though nothing had happened. Standing in the blood-stained snow among the bodies of their victims, the *Schildwachen* began filling bowls for the survivors.

At last a guard called to us.

I marched my men down to the cart in single file. The Germans poured a half pint of soup into each of our bowls.

Withdrawing some little distance, we lifted them to our mouths in concert and drained them in two or three gulps.

The soup was nothing but water in which potato peels had been boiled, and it was cold.

As we returned the bowls the guards began to pour their own soup, which was thick and hot and contained many potatoes and much meat. They also had bread, cheese, and sausages.

THE temptation to stand and stare at the food was very great, but we shook it off and marched back to work. In an hour we had our wagon loaded and were on our way back to camp with the dead member of our detail perched atop the stumps like a driver. He had frozen in a sitting position.

Four or five bodies had been piled upon some of the loads. Additions to the ghastly freight were being made constantly as the Russians, now barely able to drag their own feet, exhausted themselves pulling at their chains.

It was evening when the caravan of death reached the camp. My men were still on their feet, but Kemdall and Godfrey were very weak. Our *Führer* seemed to doubt his own eyes when we staggered into the dugout.

"Let's refuse to leave when the guards come after us in the morning," one American suggested. "Why not save ourselves a lot of misery by letting them shoot us?"

Some of the other men were nodding in agreement.

"No, by God!" I swore. "We're not going to give them an excuse to kill us. I'm going to get off that damned detail and help the rest of you get off."

The next morning Kemdall was hardly able to get out of his bunk when the *Schildwachen* stormed down on us. The guards examined him roughly, as if they thought he was stalling. I could not blame them, for outwardly all of us looked healthier than the Russians. Through signs and such German words as we knew—we were adding to our knowledge of the language every day—we tried to tell them that those of us still on our feet would do his share of the work on the wagons if they excused him. They were obviously astonished by the proposition.

A group of the Russian dugout commanders (Führer) at Tuchel.

The Russian *Führer* came to our assistance. Somewhat reluctantly two of the *Schildwachen* picked up Kemdall.

"So long, Vern!" we called after him. "See you in a couple of weeks." He was grinning faintly as they carried him out. It must have seemed to him, as it did to us, that if we met again it would be on the other side of death. We were already speaking of Loughman as a dead man.

Back in the wagon shed again, I made another attempt to get my chevrons recognized. The *Unteroffizier* gave me to understand that they meant nothing to him, but he did not threaten me with his bayonet. As I picked up the pull bar I felt that I had gained something—a very little.

That day saw the horrors of the day before repeated. The following morning Godfrey failed to respond to the

"*raus, raus*" of the guards. His removal to the hospital was accomplished with less difficulty than we had encountered in the cases of Loughman and Kemdall.

We continued to suffer stoically. Whenever opportunity offered, I showed my stripes to Germans in authority I had no idea what regulations were in effect in American prison camps, but I represented to everyone who would listen to me that the A. E. F. granted prison authority to all captive noncoms above the rank of corporal.

So the grim game went on, each trip from the camp sapping our strength. We were losing a pound or two a day. Our hunger was terrific. Even in our half sleep at night we felt it.

I no longer had any visions of cooked food. I craved only meat, and I wanted it raw and bloody. I dreamed day and night of drinking bowls of blood. Strange cannibalistic impulses terrified and sickened me.

Sunday—our fifth day on the wood wagons—we drew the one ration of meat allotted to the prisoners each week. It was a greenish slime with a small content of chopped-up entrails and other offal from horses. Though it smelled like carrion, we drained our bowls, trembling with ecstasy.

The next week another blizzard swept Tuchel, killing the Russians in such numbers that prisoners on burial details labored day and night. One by one the remaining members of my party failed to leave their bunks when morning summons came. Lester, with his five wounds, was carried away; then Decker, half blind. Finally Grimbsley went and Danny Gallagher and I were alone.

"Danny," I said to him, "I've made a mistake. We ought to have refused to work. Maybe we could have gained something by defying them."

There was no fear in the boy's white, beardless face. "It doesn't matter, sarge. What you say still goes with me. If you go first, I'll try to take it like a man."

Danny was one youngster who had never needed help.

"Don't baby me," his attitude had said from the day of his assignment to the Sixteenth Infantry.

AT the end of the second week we were speaking to each other but seldom. We had received no word from our comrades in the hospital. It seemed to strike both of us that it would be better not to talk of them.

We took turns carrying water for our evening ablutions. On one of these excursions from the dugout Danny dropped his shirt-tail scarf and the wind whipped it away into the darkness. Under the circumstances, the loss of the rag was little less than a tragedy. We had nothing out of which we could fashion another muffler. To add to the misfortune, the cloths we had been using to protect our hands and feet were now worn to shreds.

I knew of no other method of supplying our wants than stealing, as the Germans made but one issue of the paper foot wrappers. I could rob our fellow prisoners as they slept, or strip some of the dead men of their rags. Aside from its horror, the looting of corpses was fraught with danger. A thief so engaged not only exposed himself to pestilence but to the firing squad.

Looking from Danny's frost-nipped face to the shrunken forms of the dugout's other inmates, I knew I could take nothing from the living. I must steal from the dead.

With the explanation that I was going to a latrine, I sallied out of the burrow in search of bodies. Slipping on ice, stumbling through drifts, and dodging other prisoners bent upon the same grim business, I found here and there a bony corpse Competing ghouls had reached every one, it seemed. Seeking rags that would serve as mittens, my hands encountered bare claws. What my eyes took to be mufflers proved to be beards.

A Russian staggered by. It seemed he would fall and die any moment, and I stood by, watching and waiting. Five minutes passed and the poor devil was still on his feet. It was too cold to wait any longer. Turning toward the wire, I extended my search to a portion of the inclosure where the beams of the searchlights seldom fell.

I had reached a corner of the barrier when suddenly the moon rolled out of a cloud. In its eerie light monstrous

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DORRIS GRODAY

July Hair Lines

Wonderful how the right hair line enhances one's appearance—adding smartness to the coiffure, softness to the face, and emphasis to the eyes. Watch your hair line, girls, if you would look your most attractive self this summer. Of course, hair can be arranged becomingly only if it is healthy, pliable hair to begin with. Keep yours in condition with this regular, basic care. Every week before your shampoo apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic liberally to the scalp. Massage gently, but firmly, with the fingertips for several minutes to stimulate the circulation, and prepare the scalp for a thorough cleansing. Rub some Tonic on the ends of the hair, too, to overcome dryness and split ends. If you can leave the Tonic on the hair overnight—so much the better. Just spread a protective towel over your bed pillow. Shampoo as usual. Simple, isn't it? And sure to keep your scalp healthy, your hair lustrous.

RADIO **TUNE IN ON 'FRIENDSHIP TOWN' EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT ON THE NBC COAST TO COAST BLUE NETWORK 9 P. M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT TIME**

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend and use it. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State St., New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copr. 1932, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED! Continued from page twenty-nine]

things took shape. Almost at my feet lay the bodies of two men who had died in each other's arms.

Turning them over, I tried to break their terrible embrace. All at once they came apart and I sprawled beside them. The moonlight fell on their faces.

I saw that one of them had had his teeth fastened in the other's throat. Red ice incrusted his chin. Shreds of frozen flesh clung to his mouth.

The hideous spectacle held me spellbound for an instant. Then a guttural command coming from one of the machine-gun posts restored me to my senses. Snatching what cloths I could, I fled from the *Drathverhau.*

Back at the dugout, I washed and dried the stolen rags, glad that Danny had fallen asleep during my absence. Just as I finished, the *Führer* came in. To distract his attention I started a conversation, broaching again the subject of my eligibility as a dugout commander. He seemed to be getting tired of hearing about my case. He took me to the German *Feldwebel* in charge of the block, and explained what I wanted. The German got out my prison card.

Sergeant Halyburton and Private Upton, who had grown a beard, with other prisoners in front of the Tuchel magazine.

Both men tried by all kinds of devices to explain my status. Slowly it dawned on me that no noncoms below sergeant major or first sergeant were given posts of command among the prisoners. I protested that I was a first sergeant. The *Feldwebel* exhibited my card, on which my true rank appeared. I said I had been registered incorrectly.

The German studied my face. My gambling experience stood me in good stead. When he shook his head and looked at my card again, I knew I had a chance of winning. However, next morning Danny and I were called out for the wood detail as usual.

There was a delay at the wagon shed. A *Leutnant* of General von Kronkeit's staff, whose name I afterward learned was Karl, came to investigate.

"*Hände hinab!*" cried the guards as the officer passed us. "*Augen recht!*"

Although all prisoners were supposed to stiffen their arms at their sides and turn their eyes in the presence of a commissioned officer, most of the men on the detail ignored the *Leutnant.* He, in turn, paid no attention to anyone but me. I was looking at him with arms folded.

IN a military sense, I was willing to salute a German officer. But I was determined to hold out against the extension of any courtesies not a part of the military etiquette of my own country.

Leutnant Karl was furious. Calling out one of the *Schildwachen,* he had him parade me back and forth. Each time I passed the officer the guard ordered me to stiffen my arms and turn my head. I held to my resolution.

After a half hour of it a halt was called. The wagons were ready to leave. The officer said something to me in German and pointed to my place on the chain.

I brought up my right hand in a salute, faced about, and took my end of the pull bar. He seemed utterly astounded.

The punishment I had endured left me close to a final collapse. For long periods I was conscious of nothing except my hunger, and even its ache grew dull. Rousing from such lapses, I invariably wondered where I was. Then I would find myself in motion. There would be Danny at the other end of the pull bar. Often he did not look like Danny. He seemed bigger and older. I would suspect him of being—Pete Mora! I was dead and Pete and I were pulling wood wagons in hell! In rational moments I never thought of the man I had shot in Gondrecourt. Death had become too commonplace and life too important.

As ordinarily happened, we reached the stump piles about noon that day. The soup wagon arrived and Danny and I marched off to one side to wait our turn. I noticed a new German noncom was in charge of us. He was a mild-mannered old fellow with steel-rimmed spectacles and a mustache of the Mack Sennett movie kind. From time to time he looked at Danny. After we had guzzled our *Suppe* he held out a bowl of the guards' *potage* toward the boy. His gesture seemed sincere.

Danny turned to me for instructions. I motioned to him to accept and he held out his empty *Becken.* The German half filled it with boiled meat, potatoes, and savory juice.

"*Trinke,*" said the old man. "*Es ist gut.*"

THE boy tried to hand the bowl to me. I waved it back. Persisting in his efforts to make me take part of the soup, Danny suddenly burst into tears. I myself was choking with emotion. "Hurry—get it down."

I turned and walked away. Then the boy drank. The guard commander's glasses had slipped down on his nose.

"*Danke ihnen,*" I said, Danny echoing my thanks.

"*Bitte,*" answered the old man with dignity.

The next day he brought each of us a portion of the guards' soup. Whenever he was in charge of the wagons thereafter we fared equally well. The extra rations checked our physical dissolution for the time being.

On the evening of February 4, the close of my third week as a wood hauler, I was summoned to the *Kommandeur's* office. General von Kronkeit was not there. I was conducted to a cubicle occupied by the watch officer.

"Here is the American sergeant, *Herr Leutnant* Karl."

I was facing the officer who had tried to make me recognize him German fashion. Looking him in the eyes, I squared my shoulders to receive a *strafe* sentence.

The *Leutnant* rattled off a string of questions having to do with my rank and service in the United States army. An aid interpreted and I replied through him, keeping up my pretense of being a first sergeant.

"The lieutenant says that he is satisfied," the aid told me finally. "He is putting you in charge of all American prisoners. Here is your brassard."

I picked up the black arm band and saluted. To my surprise, the watch officer returned the salute. I had gained much, but it was with greater bitterness than satisfaction that I left camp headquarters. "All American prisoners"! I had only Danny, and I would not have him long unless I got him off the wood detail.

Reporting to the block commander at once, I demanded that he relieve the lad from further duty, arguing that, in view of his capture after discharge papers had been signed for him on account of his age—which was a fact—he could not be counted an American soldier.

It was a hair-splitting contention, and after it penetrated the *Feldwebel's* head he remained cagy. He would talk it over with the noncom in charge of the detail.

Our friend with the Mack Sennett mustache happened to be doing a two-day hitch of duty with the wagons, so I felt I had won another victory.

The next day Danny was taken off the working party. Our position still remained too desperate for us to

rejoice. Renewing my efforts to reach the Red Cross, I obtained another batch of post cards and addressed each one to a different city in Holland or Switzerland.

At the same time I was applying myself to a study of the Germans and Russians and their languages, and was making some startling discoveries.

I had wondered at the well fed appearance of some of the Russian dugout commanders in our block. Now I came to understand that they had sold out to the enemy, body and soul. They took the attitude that private soldiers did not count. They ruled like czars in their dugouts. In return for their services as spies, propagandists, and taskmasters, the camp authorities allowed them to steal rations from their own men.

I had been wearing my leader's brassard less than a day when several dugout commanders began trying to curry favor with me. One showed me a dozen potatoes he had hidden. He wanted to sell them to me at a dollar each.

Though the sight of them had literally made my mouth water, I was even more affected by the *Führer's* treachery and greed. With millions at my disposal instead of three silver francs that had escaped the hands of my captors, I would not have bought the stolen food.

A Russian private, little more than a bag of bones, was crawling on hands and knees across the dugout floor.

"*Brod, Kamerad—Brod,*" he whimpered.

The *Führer* shoved him aside with a polished boot. "*Nyet!*"

AS I opened my clenched right hand I found I had unconsciously brought out the three francs. I handed the money to the starving private, hoping that he would get some good out of it.

"*Das ist alles,*" I said to the *Führer,* and made for the dugout door. He caught hold of my arm again.

"*Du bist reich, Kamerad—reich—reich!*" he was yammering. "*Das Geld—die Münze—der Kommandeur!*"

Jerking away from him, I fled from the cursed hole. The words *reich* and *Münze* were still dinning in my ears when I reached the air. Then, in a flash, I perceived what underlay the Russian's attempt to sell me the potatoes. Some clerk in the commandant's office had spread the word that the Germans were holding money for me. The *Führer* had concluded that I was "*reich.*"

I had taken $300 in French and American currency—booty from a last big crap game—into the lines. At the time of our capture the roll had vanished, and I had entertained no hope of recovering it. Yet, if General von Kronkeit really held anything for me, it had to be the missing roll.

As it was time to report to the block commander, I took up the matter at once. The German produced my record card. On it I had been credited with 1,100 marks!

I could not have been more astounded. He said I would be allowed to draw out twenty marks each week.

Doing some rapid calculating, I saw that I was 100 marks short, according to his announcement of exchange rates. It was little enough to complain about, but I yelled to heaven.

"I'll find the money," said the German gravely.

Two days later he showed me a credit of 1,200 marks on my card. A clerk had taken the money. Restitution and punishment had been ordered by General von Kronkeit.

"Good Germans never steal," the *Feldwebel* assured me.

The few marks I was permitted to draw from my account did us little good, if any. Besides the *Führer,* some of the guards were dealing in foodstuffs; but the entire allowance for seven days barely covered the cost of a piece of bread or *Blutwurst.*

From a normal one hundred and eighty pounds, I had now shriveled to one hundred and ten or less. Seeing my naked body, I hardly recognized it as my own. I still craved blood. But what was even more horrible, I had acquired in fancy an appetite for everything that had once turned my stomach—white lard, grease with flies in it, and the oily crust on swill barrels.

During our exhausting labors on the wood wagons I had been able to sleep. Under conditions that put less strain on my physique, my nights were crowded with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Do *you* know her secret of *Youthful Charm?*

"ONLY the woman who *looks* it is afraid to admit her age," says Nazimova. "But I am proud of mine—I am over forty!

"It is easy to be lovely at sixteen, but to be still lovelier at forty . . . well, that is easy, too, if a woman is wise! Actresses rarely look their age, you notice. Like me, they guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap.

"It is a marvel, that soap. For years I have been faithful to it—and my skin is so soft, so smooth."

Nazimova is only one of countless stage and screen stars who use Lux Toilet Soap to guard complexion beauty. It is so gentle and beautifully *white*—as no soap less pure and carefully made could be!

9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap. That's why all the great film studios have made it their *official* soap!

Begin today to let gentle Lux Toilet Soap care for your skin. You're sure to be delighted with the results, just as the famous stars are!

This famous star, who this season won fresh laurels on Broadway in *Mourning Becomes Electra,* says: "For years I have used Lux Toilet Soap and my skin is so smooth."

Recent photograph by Nickolas Muray

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢

"We'll let the MEN in on this

GLADLY!"

▼▼ What does a debutante think about? Here's one thing, according to a recent letter we received.

"At our bridge club last week, we girls were 'discussing,' as usual. Suddenly, one of the girls spoke up, 'You know something? That good-looking friend of Mac's can never be a hero to me.'

"'We know why,' we all agreed. 'And we can tell him and several of his brothers what to do about it. We'll gladly let them in on the secret of our success!' Will you help us?"

▼▼ Of course we will. You see it's this way, men. Nobody needs to have the slightest trace of underarm odor on his person and clothing.

A quick rub-on of Mum under each arm after your morning shower, and you're absolutely safe for the day. Isn't that worth the half minute it takes?

Mum is a deodorant cream and is *instantly* effective. It is harmless to skin and clothing. It doesn't interfere with natural perspiration—just destroys disagreeable body odor.

It's just what a man needs and wants... quick, easy and sure!

Take Mum traveling with you. It carries well—no spilling or scattering. You can get it at any toilet counter, 35c and 60c. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

SO SOOTHING TO TIRED FEET! Here's another thing you'll like Mum for — for aching, burning, perspiring feet. It cools and soothes; destroys all traces of perspiration odor. Keeps hose and shoe-linings fresher.

[SHOOT AND BE DAMNED! Continued from page thirty-one]

the terrors of delirium. In dreams I robbed the graveyard of its dead, and devoured the bloated carcasses of horses and dogs.

Even in wakefulness I could not rid myself of visions.

In an effort to force concentration upon my disordered brain, I sat in a game of *Schwarz Peter,* a German form of black jack, with three Russian *Führer*. The barrack commanders had thought to pluck me with ease, for they were using marked cards. But after a half dozen hands I was reading the deck as well as they, with the result that I soon trimmed them of all the money they professed to have with them.

They would have staked their stolen potatoes against my winnings, but I objected. Then they offered to put up their clothing. I agreed and, no doubt, would have left them naked had I been able to keep my faculties together.

As it was, I began to be mildly delirious, and when the game ended they had won back most of their money; but I still had a non-com's cap, a shirt, and a pair of knee-length boots of fine leather. The boots pleased me so much I devoted hours to polishing them with my rag mittens.

My sabots had made me feel like a slave. Now I could walk like a soldier. During lucid intervals I held my head high and saluted the German officers in style.

While the camp authorities warmed to me, I noticed that the Russian privates with whom Danny and I slept were becoming less companionable, if not secretly hostile. Finally, I laid hold of one, a fellow named Feodor, and asked him, "*Tovarish,* why are you afraid of me?"

Feodor broke from my grasp and fled to his bunk, where he snatched up his icons and amulets, sobbing and praying. The poor fool was trying to ward off an evil spell he thought I had cast upon him! Under other circumstances I would have been amused. Now, with my own reason tottering, I wondered whether I might not be, in fact, a frightful monster risen from the dead. Heaving my wasted body into my bunk, I composed myself for such rest as I could get. Hours later I woke out of a cannibalistic nightmare. I was nauseated, and my back was cold with sweat.

It was not yet morning. Through a ventilator, which was directly over my head, I could see stars. Then something blotted the sky from sight. The vent being within easy reach, I lifted a hand to close it. A few inches above my breast my fingers came in contact with a bony wrist. Grabbing it, I put all the strength I could summon into a twist. The man outside groaned and an object he had been grasping fell on my chest.

I might have called guards to help me, but, meaning only to teach the prowler to stay away from the ventilator, I continued to wrench his arm.

He was struggling frantically to get away. I let loose suddenly and heard him roll from the dugout roof.

The strange tug of war ended, I settled back on my bunk. Then, remembering that he had dropped something, I fumbled around for it. Almost immediately I touched cold steel. He had been armed with a long-bladed trench knife!

The explanation of this attempt to kill Sergeant Halyburton is so uncanny as to seem almost incredible. Other breath-taking features of next week's installment will be the return of his comrades and Danny's from the prison hospital; the arrival of more Yankee prisoners, and the appearance of a renegade and an enemy propagandist; and—just in time to save lives or reason—the arrival of boxes of food from the American Red Cross!

Liberty now offers

$100 to $500 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owner's risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—NOT MERELY STAMPS.

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, LINCOLN SQUARE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

Baby Show

A Short Short Story

By

GWEN WAGNER

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

IN the bathroom Mr. Neadem was striving with perspiring, slippery fingers to button his collar. He was cursing steadily, and wondering how it would be if he killed his wife.

In the room beyond, her right foot swathed in bandages, Mrs. Neadem was lying in bed.

"I'd think you'd be ashamed!" wailed she. "Here I am in bed with a sprained ankle, and just because I ask you to take Chester to the baby show you act like a crazy man!"

"If this infernal heat keeps up I will be crazy," Mr. Neadem informed her, surveying the now buttoned collar with smirking triumph. "Whadda I want to go switching around with a bunch of women at a baby show for? I want to go to the beach and cool off!"

"Well," observed Mrs. Neadem, "if Chester wins that fifty-dollar prize we can spend your vacation at the lake and all get cooled off."

"Fifty dollars!" repeated Mr. Neadem, emerging from the bathroom fully clothed but perspiring awfully. "Is that what the Madisonion said first prize was?"

"No," admitted Mrs. Neadem; "it only said that Madison Street merchants had clubbed together to give attractive prizes to the winners. But Mrs. Carter knows Ann Williams, who works for Mr. Chisholm, editor of the Madisonion, and she said that Ann said—"

Mr. Neadem cast his eyes ceilingward and muttered something unintelligible.

At this juncture Mrs. Benson, the neighbor from across the hall, wheeled in little Chester.

He was seated in the midst of a great sunburst effect of satin ribbon, the color of deep rich rose where it contacted the body of the almost nude infant, but fading away to a delicate cream as it branched outward. Chester was a fat baby, very brown from playing practically naked in the sun, and in the center of all this delicate satin frippery he resembled nothing so much as a pale chocolate éclair.

Gaping, Mr. Neadem contemplated the spectacle.

"Just what," he finally managed to articulate, "is all this supposed to represent? The aurora borealis?"

"Just lissen to what funny daddy says!" Mrs. Neadem admonished her son cooingly, lifting him from the decorated buggy. "Awowa bowealis! Why, it's a wittle wose, that's what it is!"

Mrs. Neadem settled her son back in the buggy, fluffing up the ribbons around him, giving one final twist to the spit curl she had formed on his indifferent forehead.

"Now, Henry," she was saying to Mr. Neadem, "you don't have to do a single thing but wheel Chester past the judges' stand at Madison and Crawford. You just line up with the rest, and it'll be over before you know it. You'd better go now, Henry. It starts at five o'clock."

Wheeling Chester through the brassy sunlight of Madison Street, ignoring the stares of passers-by, Mr. Neadem reflected upon the possibility of his son's winning first prize. A fifty-dollar first prize! Not, of course, that he took any stock in women's gossip. Still, for once, Mrs. Carter *might* know what she was talking about, and if she did, and Chester won fifty dollars—

When, sweating and panting, Mr. Neadem finally arrived at Madison and Crawford, this hope was the only thing that made life at that moment supportable.

Never in all his born days, as he later expressed it, had Mr. Neadem seen so many women. And each woman was measuring the other woman's offspring with merciless calculation, only thinly veiled with smiles and exclamations of "Oh, doesn't it look *cute!*" and "I'm sure *your* baby will win first prize."

But to Mr. Neadem they made no concessions at all. They merely stared at him and at Chester as though both belonged to some strange branch of the animal kingdom with which thus far they had happily escaped acquaintanceship.

Mr. Neadem grew hotter and hotter. By the time the parade before the judges' stand started he thought—nay, he *hoped*—that he would melt away altogether.

IT was over! Mr. Neadem stood on the sidewalk with an envelope marked "First Prize" in his hand. Through its thin fold his perspiring fingers could feel a slip of paper, roughened in one place as with the perforations of a check writer.

Dazedly, the envelope clutched tightly in his hand, Mr. Neadem found himself saying to Mr. Chisholm, editor of the Madisonion, the community's one local newspaper, "Call my wife in the morning. She'll tell you everything you want to know. Sure we got pictures of him. Plenty."

With that he detached himself from the editor, making a lane for himself and his conquering son between the hordes of mothers. The women watched him go, their eyes shooting such baffled, venomous glares at him that at any other time Mr. Neadem would have turned into the nearest alley and slunk home like a whipped cur.

But Mr. Neadem, although present in the flesh and perspiring copiously, was absent and cool in the spirit. The lake was lapping at his feet, his wife was saying they'd sleep under blankets.

"Well," demanded Mrs. Neadem as he wheeled Chester into her presence, "what happened?"

Mr. Neadem grinned. Perspiration was standing out in great blobs on his forehead; his clothes were soaked through. But in his hand was an envelope marked "First Prize," through which a place roughened as with the perforations of a check writer could be felt. Mr. Neadem tossed it over to his wife.

"I didn't open it. Thought I'd let you have that fun," said Mr. Neadem magnanimously. "But don't forget, Mrs. Neadem, Chester looks like *me!*"

With trembling fingers Mrs. Neadem tore open the envelope. Perspiration oozing from every pore, Mr. Neadem looked over her shoulder. There was a rough place on the paper inclosed, all right, but it was the engraving of a letterhead. And underneath, in neat typewritten letters signed by the president of the company, appeared these words: "Deliver to bearer, on demand, three tons best Grade A hard coal."

THE END

Ballot-Box

Political Hokum the Screen's Latest Picture; and Another

By FREDERICK

James Cagney, exponent of the cauliflower art, and Marian Nixon, the girl he forgot, in Winner Take All.

"Here's to you!" "And you!" Laurence Oliver and Ann Harding in Westward Passage.

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)

WITH the new-found spirit of satire, the screen is taking up the hitherto untouchable sacred subject of politics.

This being Presidential election year, you are going to encounter a lot of political movies. Following in the footsteps of the Broadway stage and the hit Of Thee I Sing, the screen is about to join in its general national disillusionment at our methods of manufacturing statesmen.

The first of these films, The Dark Horse, shows how a deadlocked state convention overcomes an unbreakable tie and selects an obscure unknown to be its candidate for governor. The machinery of ballyhoo is set up, a personality is manufactured while you wait, and the unknown becomes a hero of the ballot boxes, a savior of the home, a Galahad of moral righteousness.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ½ WINNER TAKE ALL

CAST

Jim	James Cagney
Peggy	Marian Nixon
Pop	Guy Kibbee
Rosebud (trainer)	Clarence Muse
Joan	Virginia Bruce
Dickie	Dickey Moore
Monty	Allan Lane
Elliott	John Roche
Legs Davis	Rolfe Harolde
Forbes	Alan Mowbray
Isaacs	Clarence Wilson

Directed by Roy Del Ruth.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

The redoubtable Jimmy Cagney again—in the last film made before the outbreak of the Cagney-Warner Brothers war. This conflict seems on the edge of adjustment, so you can view Winner Take All without having your laughs tinged by regret.

Cagney plays a tough, cocky, slow-witted pugilist, a typical exponent of the gentle cauliflower art. His is the first really genuine, authentic ring characterization.

You have viewed actors making believe they are fighters. Cagney is Battling Jim Kane, and you may be sure that the fight world is crowded with hundreds of Kanes.

Kane loses his head to a Park Avenue blonde in quest of new thrills, forgets his old sweetheart, has his nose and ear made over to please his new flame, loses his popularity because he discards his exultant slugging attack for a nose-protecting boxing defense. Also you see Jim's nose go back to its old sprawl when he finds himself and wins the championship. A rousing, exciting, hilarious film, for Cagney punches and punches his way to a large-sized hit. This is his best film, and you are not going to forget the Fahrenheit performance of Virginia Bruce as the Park Avenue Jezebel who can turn the heat on and off like a temperamental apartment-house janitor.

★ ★ ★ THE DARK HORSE

CAST

Hal Blake	Warren William
Kay	Bette Davis
Hicks	Guy Kibbee
Joe	Frank McHugh
Maybelle	Vivienne Osborne
Black	Sam Hardy
Clark	Robert Warwick
Jones	Harry Holman
Green	Charles Sellon
Sheriff	Robert O'Connor
Underwood	Berton Churchill

Directed by Alfred E. Green.
Produced by First National.

This satirical and sometimes slapstick exposé of life behind the benevolent front of democracy plunges headlong into the hokum of politics.

The canvas is confined to a gubernatorial campaign, but the intent is national. The factions of a state cannot agree upon a candidate, and a dark horse, one Zachary Hicks, is thrust into the gap. A glib, shrewd campaign manager takes over the unknown Mr. Hicks, a fatuous, dull-witted but kindly fellow, trains him not to commit himself on any question, and proceeds to humanize and popularize him. The slogan becomes "Vote for Mr. Hicks from the Sticks," and he is posed as a fisherman, as the newly adopted of an Indian tribe, as a judge of blooded cattle.

While Hicks straddles the prohibition question, the whirlwind cam-

HEROES

heme; Cagney's Best Rôle; an English riangle Talkie

AMES SMITH

Bachelor's Folly, an English film, features Edna Best and Herbert Marshall.

Bette Davis and Warren William holding hands and a political confab in The Dark Horse.

paign makes the state Hicks-conscious, and he is swept into office despite a frantic and amusing attempt at blackmail. Enemies hope to capitalize Mr. Hicks' newly acquired weakness for women.

Not oversubtle and frequently broad burlesque, this packs a lot of laughs at a vital and once sacred phase of our national life. America has grown depression-skeptical and this exuberant comedy ought to touch a responsive chord.

Warren William, so able as the dissolute attorney of The Mouthpiece, is almost as good in the rôle of the wizard campaign manager. Guy Kibbee, too, gives a corking performance of the dumb but well meaning Zachary Hicks.

★ BACHELOR'S FOLLY

CAST

Garry Anson.....Herbert Marshall
Jill Panniford.....Edna Best
Samuel Cuthbert Hillcott..Gordon Harker
Lady Panniford.....Anne Grey
Sir William Panniford.....Nigel Bruce
John Dory.....Alfred Drayton

Directed by T. Hayes Hunter.
Produced in England by Gainsborough.
Released by World Wide Pictures.

The English films reveal a steady improvement. While this story is not of wide American appeal, it is well acted and it is produced with taste.

A young bachelor, owner of a racing stable, falls in love with an unscrupulous, wily young married woman and almost ruins himself in his infatuation.

Herbert Marshall, English player, soon to be seen in a Marlene Dietrich film, lends a pleasant personality and voice to the rôle of the bachelor. His wife in real life, Edna Best, plays a rather minor rôle. Maybe you saw these two in the English film, Michael and Mary. This picture isn't quite as good.

★ WESTWARD PASSAGE

CAST

Olivia Van Tyne.....Ann Harding
Nick Allen.....Laurence Oliver
Harry Lanman.....Irving Pichel
Henrietta.....Juliette Compton
Mrs. Truesdale.....Zasu Pitts
Diana Van Tyne.....Irene Purcell
Mrs. Ottendorf.....Florence Roberts

Directed by Robert Milton.
Produced by RKO Pathé.

As a novel by Margaret Ayer Barnes, this story probably read much better than it jells into celluloid. A pretty girl marries a mad, irresponsible young author. He won't make concessions to the popular taste, and she gets tired of darning her silk stockings. Continual bickering over lack of money ends in a separation and the girl's marriage to their best friend. But his staid complacency palls, and she returns to her first love and the excitement of a precarious mating.

This is developed into a weak vehicle for Ann Harding, who hasn't had a good film since U. S. Steel was 261¾. The film jumps around through the years, bafflingly drops the kindly, dull-blooded husband without a word of explanation, and is draped with sophisticated literary conversation that misses, as does most booky dialogue.

An artificial note has come into Miss Harding's voice. This young star, so competent in Holiday, is sadly in need of a good picture.

Do you know that—

Gloria Swanson has chosen Adolphe Menjou as her leading man in Perfect Understanding, her first English-made picture?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma.

★★★—As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith.

LIMERICKS

$500 IN CASH

YOU CAN WIN EACH WEEK

THIS week, in deference to a tremendous number of requests by Liberty readers, a new series of Limerick contests is inaugurated. Sixty-eight cash prizes ranging from $100 down to $5 will be paid for the best last lines submitted for this week's Limerick in accordance with the brief, simple rules.

So many competitors in the recently completed Wise-Crack Contest suggested questions on the general subject of mothers-in-law that we have made those estimable though reputedly caustic ladies the basis of this week's rhyme.

Here's a great chance to go on record—in safety—and to get paid for it as well! Get out your pencil, pen, or typewriter right now and supply a last line for the Limerick. Then jot down a suggestion for the first line of a new Limerick. Be sure your name and complete address are printed or plainly written on your entry. The rules give full instructions for entering.

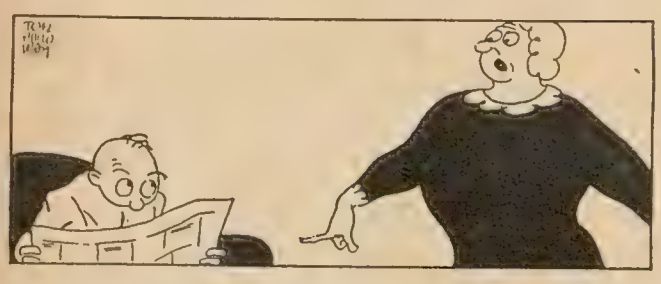
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write your own last line to complete the Limerick. Then write a first line for a new Limerick. Send your entry to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You may copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet. Send in as many entries each week as you wish. However, no contestant can win more than one prize in any one week.

For the best last line for the contest Limerick, accompanied by the best suggested first line for a new Limerick, $100 will be paid; for the next best, $50; for the third best, $25; and for the next sixty-five, $5 each. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, with the exception of employees of Liberty and their families.

HERE'S THE LIMERICK!



Hurray for all mothers-in-law!
The source on which humorists draw
For much of their fun—
But we know at least one

. . . . . .

(You write the last line)

Write a first line for a new Limerick in the space below.

. . . . . .

All last lines for this Limerick must be postmarked on or before midnight July 16. This gives everyone ample time to enter. Results will be published in Liberty dated September 3.

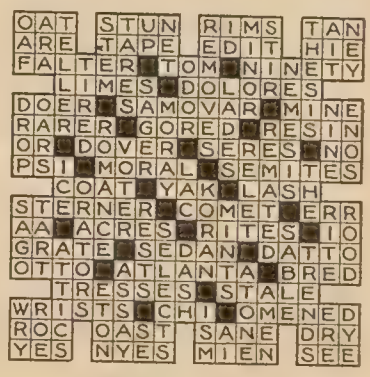
MAY 28 CROSS WORD WINNERS

Look for Your Name!

$100 FIRST PRIZE
MRS. J. E. BROUGH
Fort Atkinson, Wis.

$50 SECOND PRIZE
WILMER S. SHEPHERD, JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

$25 THIRD PRIZE
MRS. W. H. MONTGOMERY
Cleveland, Ohio.



THE SOLUTION

SIXTY-FIVE PRIZES, EACH $5

Arthur Langer, New York, N. Y.; W. R. Kuser, San Francisco, Calif.; Arthur W. Smith, San Francisco, Calif.; Mrs. Meave W. Sharman, San Diego, Calif.; M. F. Dodson, Detroit, Mich.; H. I. Pincus, Los Angeles, Calif.; David M. Brucker, Louisville, Ky.; Mrs. Floy P. McKeen, Niles Center, Ill.; Lee F. Hoover, Baltimore, Md.; S. E. Mack, St. Paul, Minn.; Fred H. Pierson, Seattle, Wash.; Fred S. Carroll, San Diego, Calif.; F. Bible, San Bruno, Calif.; R. D. Stelle, Minneapolis, Minn.; L. B. Fancher, Portland, Ore.; Gertrude Breen, Cleveland, Ohio; Hampton Smith, Greenville, S. C.

Fred T. Clark, New York, N. Y.; W. T. Crosby, Hamden, Conn.; Albert Austin, Mount Horeb, Wis.; Mrs. C. R. Sprague, Evanston, Ill.; Ruth T. Lee, Albert Lea, Minn.; Gladys McIlhany, San Antonio, Tex.; Tom Bullard, Waco, Tex.; Jeremiah Gardiner, Riverside, R. I.; Ellen C. Daniels, Spencer, Ia.; Mrs. Grace H. Buzzell, Lincoln, Neb.; Fred C. Daniel, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Ruth Rhoads, Culver City, Calif.; Blanche Kline, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. W. H. Thompson, Norfolk, Va.; George S. Whittaker, Los Angeles, Calif.; Laura S. Dow, Detroit, Mich.; Eleanor Bernard, Raleigh, N. C.

Charles J. Thomas, Cincinnati, Ohio; Pierce Relfe, Oakland, Calif.; Walter E. Maki, Bessemer, Mich.; Marie E. McInerny, Glendale, Calif.; Mrs. C. W. Glover, Lake Bluff, Ill.; Mazie C. Gable, Red Lion, Pa.; C. S. Maier, Lakewood, Ohio; J. F. Simonds, Maspeth, N. Y.; Mrs. Henry F. Mueller, Hartford, Wis.; Roman E. Richmond, Los Angeles, Calif.; Harry G. Atwood, Waterbury, Conn.; James G. Jessie, Long Beach, Calif.; F. W. Dougherty, New York, N. Y.; Walter F. Slusser, San Francisco, Calif.; Robert D. Fearey, Oakland, Calif.; Vivian E. Bertrand, Lockport, N. Y.

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Our Political RACKETEERS

Voters' Own Complacency Responsible for Most of the Graft in This Country, Says

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York

Albany Photo Supply Company photo

(Reading time: 2 minutes 35 seconds.)

CORRUPTION exists in varying degrees in our great cities and in our lesser governmental units, whatever political party is in control. There are racketeers in politics and government as well as in industry and commerce.

Mere angry speeches will not correct conditions. No governor, no president, can make all public officials honest.

By legal methods some of these criminals may be proved guilty, dismissed from office, fined, and imprisoned; but others cannot be reached by the law. As in the case of many private enterprises, they have devised ways and means to "beat the game" without breaking the letter of the law.

Perhaps a dictator, by suspending legality, could accomplish a ruthless clean-up; but we do not want dictators in the United States. The other penalties of dictatorship are too high.

The root of the racketeers' continued existence in your government lies in your own complacency. It is shown in the attitude of the citizen who smiles good-naturedly over the election of his friend to a local government position for which he is in no way qualified. This is the first step toward condoning the giving of contracts to the bosses' friends, or the taking of commissions from the agent who sells equipment.

Real honesty on the part of a public official is attained when he really strives to get one hundred cents of results out of every taxpayer's dollar. This honesty can come only by a change of attitude on the part of the public in communities where graft and extravagance exist.

Leadership must educate the public if it expects to get the public response necessary for effective action. Real leadership must drive home the urgency of constant watchfulness at all times—not spasmodically. Leadership must remove partisanship from watchfulness. Leadership must acknowledge that corruption is among *men* first, last, and all the time, no matter to which political party they belong. Leadership must acknowledge that the party in power is the party with the opportunity to be corrupt. Leadership must recreate a sense of proportion about graft.

In almost every community there are men honest and courageous enough to attack corruption wherever they see it. But their fault and the fault of the press of the nation is that graft is not large enough to "see" until it has assumed scandalous dimensions.

In communities spending half a million dollars a year, a wastage of one hundred thousand dollars through inefficiency and corruption is not often considered a scandal in the eyes of the leaders. But when a great city spends one hundred millions of dollars a year and wastes twenty millions of it annually, certain people are in a frenzy. Yet in proportion the wastage is the same in the first community as in the second.

As soon as the people realize that "a little graft" in a small community is the same as "an odious scandal" in a large community we will begin to have more honesty and efficiency everywhere.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.

The COME

Pictures by
HUBERT MATHIEU

(Reading time: 22 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE Yellow Stockings trooped into their clubhouse, rejoicing noisily over a victory won in the final minutes of the game from the Lions, their rivals for the championship. The clomp of steel-cleated shoes on the clubhouse veranda and the floor of the locker room sounded like a dirge to the ears of Bill Parnell. The laughter, the shouts, the rough horseplay, the hiss of steam from the shower room, the splashing of water, the slapping of heavy palms on bare bodies, the yelps of pain when the rubbers struck a bruised or scraped spot on a leg or back, brought no smile to his face.

Parnell sat half concealed behind the open door of his locker. The uniform he had worn so proudly for four months was partly removed. A torn yellow envelope lay on the bench beside him, and on top of the envelope a printed notice, the blanks filled with written dates and figures. Half the players knew, without a glance at the opened envelope, that Bill had received ten days' notice of his release from the team and that he was removing the uniform of the Yellow Stockings for the last time. Restrained by that half embarrassment, half cowardice of men who dread any show of emotion, they pretended not to know anything had happened.

The majority of the players hated to see Parnell leave the team and go back to a minor league. They

IN a smother of dust he slid under the second baseman.

BACK

By HUGH FULLERTON

The Story of a Ball-Player's Dream

had known for weeks that it was inevitable that he would be released. Parnell had known it too, but with the stubborn hopefulness of youth he had refused to accept the verdict until the notice was handed to him by the secretary of the club at the start of practice. The secretary, with averted eyes and pretense of ignorance of the contents of the yellow envelope, had said, with heavy attempt at humor:

"Hey, Bill! Here's a note for you I found in the office. Someone writing you mash notes, eh?"

One glimpse at the envelope had been sufficient to inform Parnell that the event he had feared had happened. There was no need for him to read the formal words on the printed slip inclosed.

"Thanks, Charlie. I've got 'em chasing me," he said, and tucking the envelope, unopened, into the hip pocket of his uniform he had shoved one hand back into his mitt and yelled:

"C'm'on, Jack. Show 'em some speed. Something on every ball today, old boy."

He caught the balls thrown by Jackson, the star pitcher of the Yellow Stockings, with heavy heart, repeating the set phrases without thought of their meaning, until, just before the game was to start, he surrendered the mitt to Hanson, the oldest catcher.

In the eighth inning while the team was batting its way to victory, he made his way to the clubhouse.

In the privacy of his locker he had torn open the envelope and read slowly, with a dull ache in his breast, the words he knew it contained. He knew it all by heart, excepting the one word—and that the name of the city to which he was being banished. He knew he had been sold to that purgatory of the major-league ball player called vaguely "the sticks." He knew, after reading the one word, that two days later he would be wearing another uniform and catching for Omaha.

"Back to the tall timbers," he muttered, trying to grin. "What will Mary say?"

Bill Parnell had come to the Yellow Stockings filled with hope and confidence, a sense of triumph, and realization of a life ambition. He had been born in a house only a few blocks removed from where the great stadium of the Yellow Stockings had risen. As a small boy, he had slipped past purposely unseeing gate tenders, had crept through holes burrowed under the bleachers, climbed telegraph poles, and by these and other dubious methods had managed to watch the stars of the Yellow Stockings.

SOME day, when he grew older, he would play on the team. Always he was determined that he would be a catcher like Billy, who was his particular hero, and that he would lead the team to victory and perhaps even in a World's Series. He had become the catcher for his team at school, and later for the semi-pro team of the district.

At every opportunity he haunted the Yellow Stocking park, and eventually had been admitted to the patronizing fellowship of the team, permitted to run errands, to catch flies, and retrieve the balls that were batted far out. Sometimes, when the great players were winning and good-natured, he was allowed to catch the balls thrown by the big pitchers, who smiled encouragingly upon the little fellow who received their fastest curves without wincing.

There never was any doubt in his mind that some day he was going to be the catcher

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Continued from page thirty-nine

—of the Yellow Stockings. To think of catching for any other team savored of disloyalty. His preparation was hard and slow: two years on a prairie team, two years in one of the smallest of the professional leagues, a year—or part of it—with one of the larger minor-league clubs.

Then a scout for the Yellow Stockings, whose work consisted of watching young players, whispered to Billy, who had become manager, that the kid, Bill, who used to hang around the clubhouse, had developed into a smart catcher, that he handled pitchers cleverly, threw well, and was a promising prospect—if he could hit. Billy the manager remembered Bill the kid, and Bill Parnell was drafted from the minor-league club and ordered to report for spring training with the Yellow Stockings.

Bill Parnell's first appearance as a regular on the team was a kind of triumph. When the season started, neither of the veteran catchers was in good condition. Bill Parnell was in perfect condition, and he had been intrusted with the catching of the early-season games. The reporters praised his work. The pitchers encouraged him. At the start he batted well. When the veterans rounded into good physical condition, Bill went to the bench satisfied that he had made good and that he was a fixture on the club.

THREE times, when Bill had come to bat, slow curves had sent him raving back to the bench.

In his enthusiasm and hopefulness he had realized another of his dreams of boyhood: he married Mary Gorley, who lived in the same block, who had encouraged him, bound up his fingers, and sat on the grass and rooted for him when he caught for the neighborhood team. The Yellow Stockings had sent them a chest of silver that was the envy of the neighborhood, and Mary had sat with the wives of the old players in the stands and applauded, wondering vaguely sometimes why Bill was not catching all the games. Two or three times during the next few months, when the older catchers were injured or not feeling well, Bill had caught.

All the time he was in the game, or when he was practicing, the eyes of the manager and the coaches were on him, studying his work. Their verdict was that he could not hit curve balls.

NOW, after four months, the yellow envelope and the printed notice; and Bill Parnell sat in his locker with tight throat.

Billy, the manager, glowing from the shower and rubdown, came past.

"Never mind, kid," he said kindly. "It's tough luck, but you'll be back."

"Yeah, I'll be back," said Bill, trying to grin. "They can't keep a good man down."

"I'm sorry, kid," said Buck, the old trainer. "Don't let this discourage you. You're a great backstop and you know this old game. You'll be back."

"Yeah. I'll be back," Bill repeated mechanically. "But I hate to tell Mary."

Some of the players, silent because of hating to say good-by, slipped past and left the clubhouse without a farewell word or handshake. Some of the others gripped his hand hard, slapped him on the back without a word. Some said, "Tough luck, old boy." To each slap, grip, or word Bill tried to grin, and repeated, parrotlike, "I'll be back."

For the next sixteen years that was his slogan. Among ball players he became known from one end of the country to the other as "I'll Be Back."

Mary had borne it better than he had expected she would. She had smiled and said:

"Don't mind it, Bill. I hear Omaha is a beautiful city and I think it is lots better for you to be playing regularly there than to be sitting on the bench here. When will we start?"

"The sooner I get there the sooner we'll be back," said Bill. "I'll start tonight. You pack and come as soon as I find a place to live and telegraph for you.

"It won't be for long," he added. "We'll be back next spring." Mary smiled bravely and concealed her doubts.

Bill started for Omaha that same evening. A week later Mary joined him.

For half the season he batted well. Then his averages slowly decreased as the pitchers studied his style of hitting and commenced to pitch slow curves at him.

"The best backstop in the Western League," scouts reported back to the major-league managers. "But he can't hit curves."

DURING the winter Omaha sold him to Portland in the Pacific Coast League.

"Going up!" he announced triumphantly to Mary, when he was notified of the change of employers.

The veteran pitchers in that league remembered Bill—they knew his style. He was a better catcher than he ever had been. But the word that he could not hit curve pitching had circulated, and game after game he returned to the bench, hurled his bat against the ground, and said:

"Say, ain't these guys out here got nothing but hooks? I never see a fast ball from one week to another."

When the major-league teams played exhibitions in California the next spring Bill was with Los Angeles. In mid-season Bill's batting had slumped again. Los Angeles traded him to Shreveport.

"Moving back toward home, Mary," he announced triumphantly when he heard the news. "That League is fast, and the scouts see a fellow oftener. We'll be back."

He was in the Southern the next year. The Yellow Stockings saw him in an exhibition game down Mobile, grinning cheerfully.

The next spring he was with New Orleans for a brief period, and in mid-season was sold to Wichita. He was the best catcher in the South and a steady, if not strong, thrower; just an average batting catcher. The scouts who persistently scour the country for talent had rubbed the name of Parnell off their lists of promising players. He was an "old-timer," and he could not hit curves. They no longer studied Bill's averages in the record books.

A year or two later the Yellow Stockings, coming up from the spring training in Florida, stopped at Raleigh to play an exhibition game. The first person to greet them on the field was Bill Parnell, wearing a faded and worn uniform and a cheerful grin.

"How are the Sox going?" he demanded eagerly. "I'm still pulling for you. I'll be back there one of these days, wearing the old unie and helping win pennants."

Mary, still smiling, was in the stands. Her five-year-old son was with her, wearing proudly a uniform with

the colors of the Yellow Stockings.

"You ought to see that kid handle the ball," Bill said to me enthusiastically. "He stands right up to it. If I never get back, the kid will be there some day wearing the old uniform."

That was the nearest I ever heard Bill Parnell come to admitting there was a possibility he might never be called back to the big league.

Four years later he was catching for Joplin. Almost everyone in the camp of the Yellow Stockings had forgotten him, and few who had played on the team during his brief career remained active.

One day during the summer, on one of those long, hot, tiresome rides between cities, old Mike, the scout of the Yellow Stockings, was studying figures and made a discovery which caused him to call to me. He had a list of a dozen or more young pitchers who had come into the major leagues during the last five or six years, and wanted to know the clubs from which they were bought or drafted. We looked up the records, and discovered that almost every young pitcher on the list had been coached, trained, and prepared for promotion in baseball by Bill Parnell.

"Bill may never come back himself, but he sure has sent up a bunch of good young pitchers," said Mike.

"Never mind. Bill will be back," I said, and we laughed.

"I saw the old boy in the railroad station at Topeka," said Mike. "Commencing to fatten up. He is muscle-bound in his legs and his throwing arm isn't as good as it was. It is a shame about Bill. He ought to have had another chance years ago. Now it is too late."

WE forgot Bill Parnell during the excitement of that baseball season. The Yellow Stockings went into the lead of the championship race late in July and fought it out day by day through August and most of September with three other teams. The race was the hardest in years. The nervous and physical strain on the players was terrific.

About two weeks before the finish of the season the Yellow Stockings had fought their way upward until they had a clear lead of four games. The other three clubs in the first division of the league were practically tied, and with each club having about fifteen games to play it looked as if the Yellow Stockings were safely placed in the lead, especially as the remaining games on their schedule appeared easier.

The only player who was not in perfect condition was Blinky, the first-string catcher, who had been on the bench for two weeks with a fractured arm. This did not appear to be a serious handicap. Wattles, the second catcher, was almost as good as Blinky; and Pollack, the other catcher, was a strong, reliable fellow who could outbat either of the others, although not as experienced.

The pitchers were going fairly well and seemed past the worst of the strain. The old anchor of the pitching staff, Herman, had weakened during August, but the younger men had carried the team through the crisis, and Herman, rested, was back in his best form, ready to take his turn pitching and to go to the rescue of any other pitchers if they faltered during a game. Even when the team lost unexpectedly to a tail-end club, its lead cut to three games, with eleven more to play, there were few worries. . . .

THE Joplin club played two games at home one afternoon and started on the final trip of the season around their circuit. The "Show Mes" were in fifth place, and, since there was no chance for the team to improve its standing in the race, there was small interest among the spectators or even among the players in the remaining games on the schedule. At ten o'clock of a sweltering September night the Joplin players were lounging in the railroad station at Kansas City, waiting for a train to take them to the next city in which they were to play.

Bill Parnell was weary. He had caught two games that afternoon, handling the delivery of two wild, strong-armed young pitchers under the glare of a Southwestern sun. He was a little tired of the whole thing: the endless round of cheap hotels, the moving from one boarding house to another, the maintaining of a mechanical grin—the mask he used to screen his feelings. In spite of his millionth reiteration of "I'll be back; they can't keep a good man down," it looked as if the good man was down, and down to stay.

Bill had almost commenced to doubt whether or not he was a good man. His vision of a triumphant return to the Yellow Stockings, of catching before a roaring, applauding crowd in the great stadium that had arisen on the old park, was dimming and fading rapidly. He had not forgotten Mary's sharp retort that morning when he had tried his threadbare assurance that they would be back under the big tent next season. Mary, too, was weary of the constant round, the moves from city to city, with few chances to make friends or to keep Bill, Junior, in school.

The players, sweltering in the station under the hill, waiting aimlessly, were fretful as children, irritating each other and rasping on each other's nerves. Bill arose from his seat.

"Well," he said, forcing a pretense of what he called "the old pep," "I must see what the Sox did today. I've got to keep posted on them. They may send for me any day now. They may need my hitting to win that pennant."

"Yeah," said Blackie sarcastically, "they'll send a hearse. I noticed the buzzards circling over the park watching that arm of yours when you made that throw to second today."

"I don't need an arm in this league," Bill parried. "All I need is the old brain and my ability to hit.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Death Chamber

Proves Its Power to Kill Every Fly or Mosquito

In the Rex Research laboratory there is a small room, kept filled with flies at their most vigorous age—five days old. Each lot of Fly-Tox is tested here with a sprayer. Unless every fly dies, and quickly, that lot of Fly-Tox is rejected.

That's why Fly-Tox is so certain, so economical to you. Rightly sprayed in a room, it creates a perfumed mist, which no fly or mosquito can escape. That mist is harmless to people, stainless to anything. But these deadly pests all perish at its touch.

Fly-Tox was developed at Mellon Institute of Industrial Research by Rex Research Fellowship. We have spent ten years and over $100,000 to perfect it. The toxic factor comes from flowers of Japan, which scientists found to be deadly to flies.

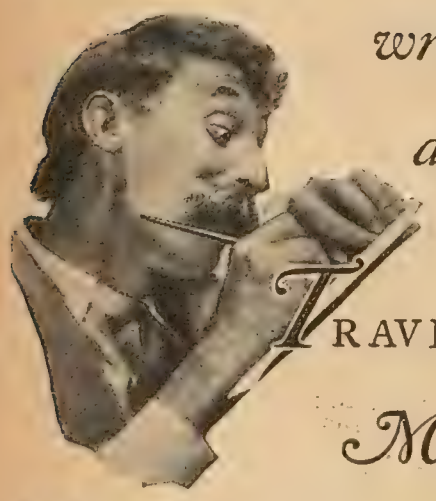
Use Fly-Tox to protect your home. These insects carry disease germs of some 30 kinds. They contaminate all foods they touch. Their bites inject disease germs in the blood. Thousands of children, every year, die from insect-borne diseases. Rid your home of these pests—keep it free—for the sake of all who live there.

FLY-TOX ONLY

A Rex Research Product

Use Fly-Tox only, for safety's sake. Use it because it is the latest, most scientific product for this purpose. Use it for economy's sake—only 1 or 2 cents per room. Use it because this Japanese flower is the most efficient factor that we know. It is easy, pleasant, sure. It is harmless, stainless, quick. Your home protection is too important to use a lesser method. Get Fly-Tox now. Sold everywhere. Made by the Makers of Moth-Tox.

"Chic" Sale writes about a TRAVELING MAN



ME and Ed Smithers was in the smoker on the way over to Durham when in come a feller with two glasses, an orange, a lemon, a spoon wrapped up in paper, and a bottle of medicine. Well sir, wantin' to postpone swallerin' that mess as long as he could, he got to talkin'. Said he'd tried takin' it with sugar, sarsaparilla soda water, and lots of things. Said orange and lemon juice was the least worst.

Ed took a little blue box of chocolate tablets out of his pocket and handed the poor feller a couple. "Eat those and you won't taste the medicine," Ed said. The feller ate the tablets and said they sure was good. He asked Ed how they would kill the taste of his medicine. "Well," Ed sez, "I said you wouldn't taste that mess you was goin' to take and you won't. Jest throw it out the window. You don't need it now."

"Chic" Sale

"Wantin' to postpone swallerin'" nasty cathartics is one of the reasons why Ex-Lax is so popular. Everybody likes the taste of Ex-Lax, "the chocolate tablets in the little blue box." Children take it eagerly—they love it.

And Ex-Lax is perfectly safe and effective. Its only laxative ingredient is phenolphthalein, a scientific laxative the doctor approves of. Ex-Lax won't gripe—it isn't habit-forming.

Get a 10c trial box of Ex-Lax at your drug store. Or mail the coupon for a free sample.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

FREE SAMPLE OF EX-LAX
and "CHIC" SALE'S WELLS CORNERS GAZETTE

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Mail this coupon to Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. L732

[THE COMEBACK Continued from page forty-one]

Did you notice me pickle those three today?"

He sauntered away toward the news stand. Rough repartee meant nothing to him. He knew the comebacks to every rude joke and could recite them without the effort of thinking.

Bill bought the extra edition of the Star, opened it to the sporting page, and settled to read until train time. A headline caught his eye. He read the item and sat staring at the printed page. Slowly he read it again:

The chances of the Yellow Stockings winning the championship received what may prove their deathblow this afternoon. In addition to losing the game to the tail-end Greens, 3 to 1, both the remaining catchers were badly injured and neither will be able to catch again this year.

In the third inning, Wattles, who has been carrying the burden of the work behind the bat since the injury to Blinky several weeks ago, broke his leg while sliding to the plate, leaving the team with only Pollack to do the catching. In the eighth inning a foul tip broke Pollack's throwing hand.

Risdon, a substitute first baseman, was compelled to catch the remainder of the game, and his errors, due to inexperience, enabled the Greens to score three runs in the eighth and ninth innings and win.

Bill folded the paper, placed it in his pocket, and sat motionless, thinking. For perhaps five minutes he remained staring toward the floor. Then he sprang to his feet, walked rapidly across the waiting room, and drew Dale, the manager, aside.

"Jim," he said, "write me a release, to take effect right now."

"What's the trouble, Bill?" asked Dale, surprised.

"No trouble. But I've got to go. You don't need me any more this season and you can save yourself two weeks' salary by releasing me right now. I don't know whether you want me back next spring or not. If you do, I'll come."

"THAT'S all right, Bill," said Dale. "Never mind the release. If you want to go, run along. We don't need you and you've earned that two weeks' pay."

"Never mind the pay. I want a release—something to show I'm a free agent for the rest of the year, anyhow."

"What's the hurry?" asked Dale.

"I want to catch the midnight back home."

"Going back to the Yellow Stockings?" asked Dale sarcastically.

"Yeah," said Bill, grinning joyously. "They sent for me at last."

At ten o'clock the next morning the worried owner of the Yellow Stockings sat in his office in the stadium, despairingly trying to plan with Billy, the manager, some way of saving the championship.

"I've telegraphed a dozen clubs, trying to buy a decent catcher," said the owner. "May be able to buy one and get him here by Sunday."

"Yeah," said Billy. "And by that time the pennant will be gone. I'd get in there and catch, myself, if I wasn't so fat."

"Well, we've got to use Risdon today," said the owner. "He'll do his best."

"Yeah, and that'll be damned bad," commented Billy.

"It can't be helped."

A CLATTER of spike shoes sounded from the hallway. An instant later the door opened and a grinning, weather-beaten face appeared.

"Hello, boss," he said to the owner. "Hello, Billy. I'm back."

The two stared at the figure in a faded uniform of the Yellow Stockings, and the manager remembered.

"Bill Parnell!" he exclaimed. "Hello. I haven't seen you in years. . . . You remember Bill; he used to catch for us."

The owner stared, with dim remembrance of a slim, active youth, now turned into a stocky figure with graying hair.

"Yes. I remember. How are you, Bill? What brings you here?"

"I saw you needed me, and I came," said Bill. "I told you I'd be back, and here I am, r'aring to go. I raided the clubhouse and grabbed a uniform so as to warm up plenty for the game today."

"We sure need a catcher," said the owner. "I've been telegraphing all over America for a catcher. Who sent you?"

"Listen, boss," said Bill earnestly. "No one sent me. I saw in the paper at Kansas City last night what had happened, and I said to myself, 'The old Sox need me at last,' so I got Dale to write me a release, and I'm here."

The owner looked inquiringly at Billy, the manager.

"Listen, Billy," said Bill Parnell. "I've been the best backstop in the minors for years. These new pitchers won't know me, and until they find out I can't hit curves, I'll bust up many a ball game."

"You catch today," Billy decided.

When the batteries were announced for that afternoon's game the reporters scurried around trying to find out who Parnell was and where he came from. One veteran remembered that, many years before, there had been a Parnell on the team, and some thought, perhaps, this new catcher might be his son, until Bill's cap blew off as he ran after a foul fly and exposed the gray in his hair.

The headlines of one paper the next morning summarized the mystery:

BACK FROM THE STICKS
TO SAVE HIS OLD TEAM

The reporters made drama of Bill's rush to the rescue, and he waked to find himself something of a hero. His fine backstopping and a throw which had halted a rally had won the game for the Yellow Stockings. Bill Parnell

told no one but the manager, to whom he confided that when he threw the ball to second base he thought he had thrown his arm off with it.

We all knew the next day's game probably would decide the championship. Billy and the owner had been telegraphing, telephoning, and begging every minor-league club in the country that owned a catcher to sell him to them, and they let the other fellows name the price. Two catchers were rushing to the rescue, but neither could reach the team in time for the game.

Bill's sore arm was hanging at his side like a limp dishrag, and he was cussing the reporter who had written saying that the reason he never had been called back to the major leagues was that he never could hit a slow curve.

"What did that guy want to write that for?" he mourned. "Ain't it bad enough for them to find it out?"

He was catching Mellish that day, Mellish, the big spitball pitcher upon whom the greatest hopes of the Yellows were pinned, and the hardest pitcher in the league to handle.

"C'm'on, big boy!" yelled Bill. "Crack that spitter at 'em. Show 'em your stuff."

That was a ball game. Mellish, pitching his best, was holding the Greens, but Terrill, using his perfect control and his slow, drooping curves mixed with a fast jump ball, stopped the attacks of the Yellow Stockings. The score, when the eighth inning came, was one to nothing in favor of the Greens. The pennant was slipping away.

THREE times, when Bill had come to bat, Terrill, smiling disdainfully, had looped up his slow curves and sent Bill, raving, back to the bench.

Two were out in the eighth before a runner for the Yellow Stockings reached first.

Then a single, followed by a two-base drive, put runners on second and third bases and roused the gloomy supporters of the Yellows to a frenzy of excitement.

Blinky, ignoring his injury, was begging for a chance to hit, and had rushed to the dressing room to get into uniform before it was too late.

Bill Parnell, selecting a bat, looked pleadingly at Billy, the manager.

"You know me, Billy," he said. "I always could hit those slow curves."

The veteran manager saw the desperation and resolve in Bill's face, and, smiling grimly, said:

"You hit."

BILL PARNELL'S arm and shoulder were aching. The roar of the crowd was in his ears as he faced the Greens' smiling pitcher.

Terrill, winding up, sent a slow, twisting curve dropping toward the outer corner of the plate. As Terrill pitched, Bill Parnell took a quick step forward, slashed desperately at the ball just as it was breaking, and saw the ball flash over the head of the shortstop and bound down the groove between the left and center fielder. The roar of the crowd was in his ears as his taut muscles strained and he raced toward second, and when, in a smother of dust, he slid under the second baseman.

Two runners were across the plate, the Yellow Stockings in the lead. Bill was a little dizzy when, after the next batter flied out, he donned the mitt and chest protector. He remembered little of the dull agony in his arm during the ninth inning. Then the third of the Yellow Stockings went out, and the crowd, swarming the field, surrounded him. Excited spectators were lifting him on to their shoulders. His fellow players were beating him on the back and yelling praises. Over their heads he saw Mary standing and waving, her face reflecting joy and pride.

He reached the clubhouse finally. Billy, the manager, had his arm around him.

"Good boy, Bill," said Billy. "You get a full share of the series money, and them other catchers will be here tomorrow. That wallop of yours won it."

"I told you guys I'd be back," said Bill. "But it's tough to be benched just as I'm learning to hit them slow curves."

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Ruth the Detective

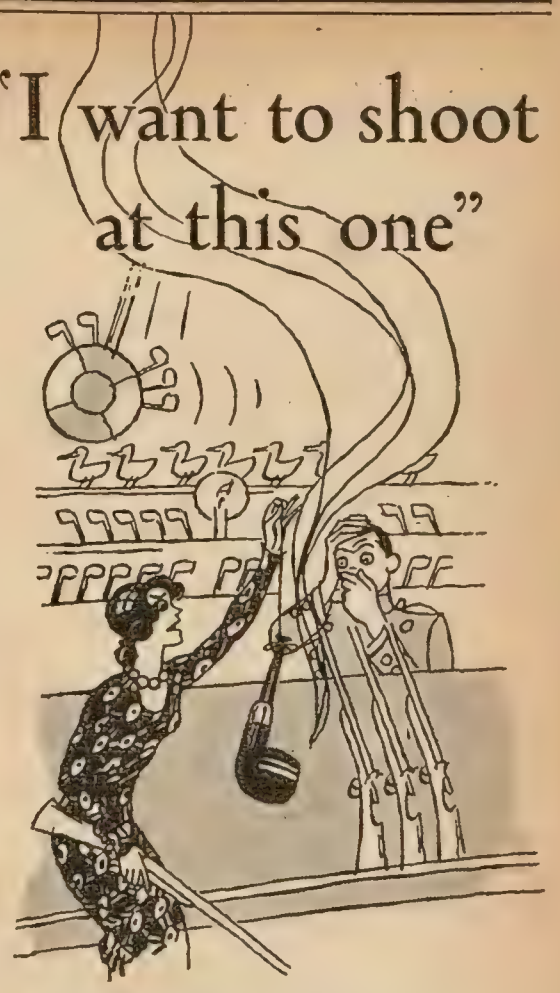
Every time small Ruth goes for a ride with her daddy she looks back for speed cops. One day she saw a motorcycle coming fast, whose civilian rider wore clothes resembling a policeman's in color. "You'd better hurry, daddy!" she exclaimed.—G. O. Dungan, 1846 Lemon Avenue, Long Beach, California.

Trade Term

Four-year-old Barbara heard a neighbor who works in a garage tell her father that his employer was going to give a "blow-out" for his help.

Barbara turned to her mother and asked, "Mother, who is going to give daddy a flat tire?"—Mrs. W. B. Lewis, 104 Ellen St., Schenectady, N. Y.

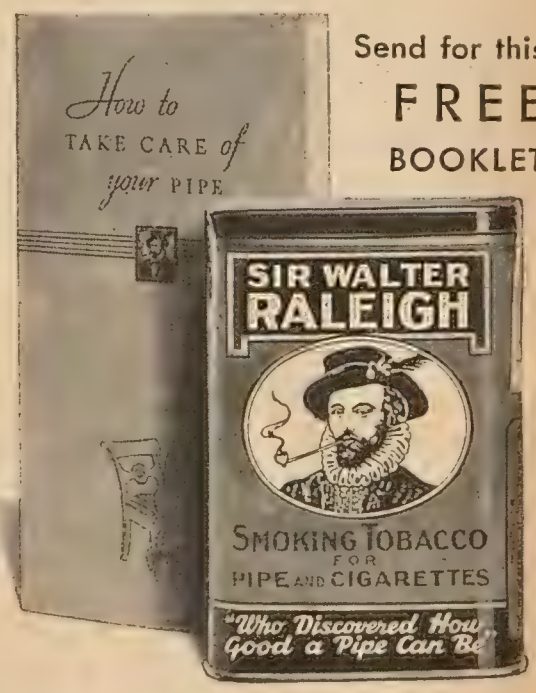
"I want to shoot at this one"



MRS. SMYTHE wants to take a crack at that foul old pipe her husband insists on smoking regardless of the quality of the guests.

She doesn't object to pipes in general. She really loves a pipe for both its aroma and its manliness. But men should smoke mild tobacco in a well-organized pipe. Sir Walter enters and bows modestly. His mild blend of rare Kentucky Burleys never offended the most austere dowager. Yet it satisfies the most manly of men with its full-bodied richness. It's a favorite.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. L27



Send for this FREE BOOKLET

It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Vox

"The Money God—We Worship at Its Shrine"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In his editorial, "The Money God—We Worship at Its Shrine," Liberty's editor said something that we all know, deep in our hearts, but that we need to be reminded of occasionally.

We would not feel the depression so keenly if, through the years, we had

taught ourselves to treasure spiritual values instead of material values. We should have schooled ourselves "to live above and beyond the money-getting mania," as Liberty's editorial put it.

We need to keep in mind the story of the man who said that gold was all he needed to make him happy. The ruler of the land in which he lived overheard his words, and put him in an iron cage, with bags of gold all around him, and kept him there. Was he happy? He was not.—*W. Williams.*

Phooey and Double Phooey to You

GALVESTON, TEX.—I see that nut Benchley had an article, "Down with Pigeons." Well, he's comparatively safe so far as pigeons are concerned, but heaven help him if the squirrels ever see him. Phooey!—*Gertrude.*

He Picks 'Em Almost Dumber Than They Come

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Fie upon you, Liberty, for printing such moth-eaten rot as Mr. Jack Evans projected in Vox Pop when he wrote: "Women are the inferior sex, pleasing to the eye and soft to the touch, but of low mentality and no serious purpose."

M. H. van Hollen

If I remember aright, it was Socrates who was the father of this idea, when he said, "Women have long hair and no brains," or words to "them effects," but then that was some little time back.

I ask you, Liberty, in all seriousness, where do you suppose Evans could have picked up such a supply of dumb femmes as he seems to have been disporting himself with?

Both you and I have heard it said that some men like 'em dumb, but this boy seems to have had phenomenal luck, or, shall I say, smashing success in corralling the major supply?

No doubt he is one of the boys who picks 'em ultra-dumb so that, by the slight contrast, he is able to construct and maintain the inflated estimation he has of himself.—*M. H. van Hollen.*

And Now—the International Bath-Takers' Debate

HAVANA, CUBA—I've been reading something written by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin about "old Spanish customs." Princess Kropotkin resents the Spaniards not taking American people as a living example of how often should a person bathe.

She says: "—and we, as everyone knows, are the world's greatest bath-takers."

Well, I think you Americans flatter yourselves about this, because a bath every Saturday isn't such a h—— of a record, after all. I agree there are many people in Spain who have never seen the inside of a bathroom, but are you sure that Americans bathe every day?

I claim bath-taking leadership for Cuba, and I know what I'm talking about.—*Alfredo Gonzalez.*

MONTREAL, P. Q., CAN.—Listen! How in the world did Alexandra Kropotkin get the idea that Americans are the world's greatest bath-takers? And by "Americans," of course, she means those who live in the U. S. A. Tell her to come up to Canada if she wants to learn where, why, when, and how baths are taken.

In bathing, we lead the world!—*F. J.*

Lighting Up Plague Spots Is First Step to Cure

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Tell your readers, please, what good will come from publication of Will Irwin's article, "The Blackjack of Extortion."

Will it put an end to the racket—or will it start the racket along different lines? What protection will it afford the business man from racketeers in the extortion game?

On the other hand, what harm will come from his article going to more than two million readers, many of them young, unemployed, and desperate?

Eighty per cent of criminals in our courts are under twenty-five years of age. They have an exaggerated ego, are usually imitators of other gangsters, and get many of their warped ideas from movies, magazines, newspapers.

Will Irwin's article showed the youngster gangster another way to be a public menace.—*A Cub Reporter.*

Kind Word for Contests

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Has Liberty been doing its bit to balance the budget? Sure it has! We simply refuse to believe that there has been a deficit in the Post Office Department since that enterprising magazine educated its millions to realize that correspondence with Liberty, even if one-sided, is good for the soul; also good for that hole in your cash pocket if you can furnish winning answers to contests.

Fess Christiani

Liberty is a healthy habit, easy to read, easy to buy, and easy to enjoy. Anyone who says anything to the contrary is full of banana oil, hooey, or both.—*Fess Christiani.*

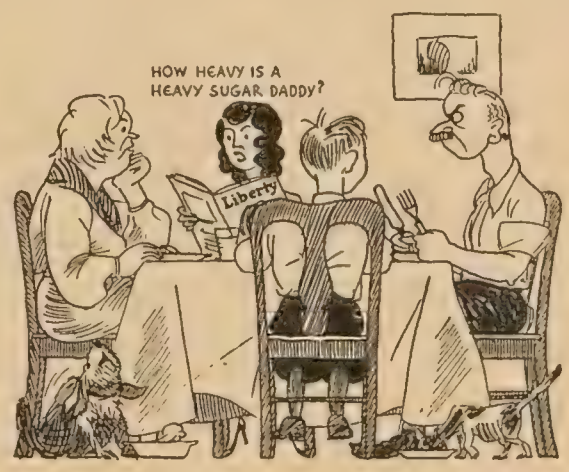
O. K.

NEWARK, DEL.—I have just experienced a wonderful sensation. It has just been my luck to undergo that feeling of contentment and general benignancy of soul which seems to come over one who has just finished a really good story.

The object of my present praise is that short story, "Father Point," by D. K. Findlay. More power and length to his career in Liberty!—*A. H. E.*

Thursday Evening's Brain Massage

ATLANTA, GA.—I wouldn't have Liberty changed in any way, but one thing that I think strange as I read Vox Pop each week is that no one seems to appreciate the Twenty Questions. I think that is one of the best things in the magazine, and don't believe our family could



get through our Thursday-night dinner without our weekly quiz, as we call it.

I play teacher and the rest of the family have to answer the questions, and it surely is interesting to see how many we know—or, usually, *don't* know.

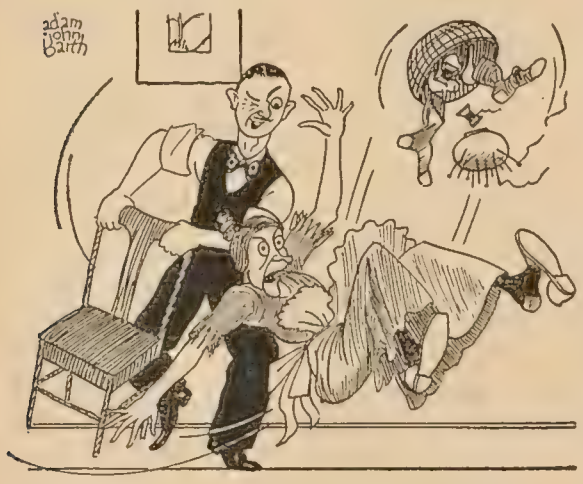
Hurrah for Liberty and the Twenty Questions! Don't ever leave them out, as you'll spoil the Thursday-evening meal of one of your stanchest admirers if you do.—*Hazel P. Klima.*

Pop

What Would You Think of Her Manners if She Named Them?

CHICAGO, ILL.—I liked Mrs. J. Borden Harriman's article, "Who Are the Ten Best Mannered Men in America?" From the way she wrote, I'll bet she's a good judge of manners—one of the best. Anyway, I can't get up on my hind legs and argue with her, not knowing personally any of the men she mentioned.

Now that she's picked her best mannered men, tell her to think again, and



write another article called: "Who Are the Ten Worst Mannered Men in America?" Of course this second selection would be harder, for there must be thousands of men in this country with the tact of an alarm clock.

Out of these thousands, though, there are certainly a few head and shoulders above the rest when it comes to barefaced boorishness—men with manners so bad that a porcupine with the right home training would snub 'em. The kind of man I have in mind is the type of young roughneck who thinks it's funny to pull a chair out from under his grandmother just as she's about to sit down.—*M. Robinson.*

Hollywood's Real Sins—if Any

BOOTHWYN, PA.—I have read Theodore Dreiser's article, "The Real Sins of Hollywood," and consider it the best ever published on the subject. In my estimation, moving pictures have but one redeeming feature—outdoor scenery—but scenery never made a play.

Nearly all picturized versions of stage plays that it has been my misfortune to witness were terrible. One could not class them as even good parodies. Mr. Dreiser says: "too much commercialism." This is the truth and, sooner or later, it will be the ruination of the business.—*Joseph H. Carroll.*

BOSTON, MASS.—What right has Theodore Dreiser to set himself up as judge of the motion-picture industry? And how does he know we'd like a steady diet of so-called "artistic" pictures, even if we were fed consistently on such an ethereal diet?

I venture to say we'd get thoroughly sick of a succession of films that spelled Art with a big A, and beg to return to the kind of pictures that the movie-makers are giving us right now.—*Skeptic from Baked-Bean Town.*

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Reviewing current movie productions, I find that pictures are merely maintaining their standard of commercialized dramatic tripe just as consistently as ever, if not more so. This in spite of the assertion of Will H. Hays in Fulton Oursler's article, "Is Hollywood More Sinned Against than Sinning?" that "'the screen can progress, and has progressed, year after year, toward a higher common denominator of entertainment appeal.'"

A perusal of the monthly calendar of our local theater reveals to me a nauseating array of such bilge as is supposed to delight adult and child audiences alike. Only occasionally do I run across a worth-while picture.

And are the audiences eating up this outpouring of trash? Poor box-office receipts and all too obvious attempts to increase attendance by offering prizes and similar inducements are the answer to that question.—*Leland Holt.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read Theodore Dreiser's article, "The Real Sins of Hollywood," and Fulton Oursler's sequel to it, "Is Hollywood More Sinned Against than Sinning?" It seems to me that Oursler did a pretty good job in weighing the evidence both for and against Dreiser.

Apparently the truth lies somewhere between the claims made by "Ted" Dreiser and those made by the motion-picture magnates.

Anyway, Ted comes out of the combat with honor and flags still flying—and so do the magnates!—*G. Norton.*

We Stand Behind This Grin

DALLAS, TEX.—Recipe for dispelling gloom: a copy of Liberty, and then another copy, and then another. I'm speaking from experience, and can furnish proof: this little picture of myself. It was snapped by my sweetheart. He had a camera in one hand and a copy of Liberty in the other.

Evalyn Harper

He thought I was smiling because he came over to see me, but—lean close, Mr. Editor, and I'll whisper the truth—it was because he brought me my regular weekly Liberty.

Yours for grins—*Evalyn Harper.*

Yes

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"Last Words," by Jerome Barry, was swell, grand, the berries—. Well, you get me.—*Jack.*

Back to the Land: a Grain of Sense—

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Your editorials on the back-to-the-farm movement have particularly stirred me with their good sound logic.

May I make a suggestion? You who have the facilities and the talent to investigate and truly arrive at fundamentals should urge that in our urban public schools some time be allotted to instruction in agriculture.

It should be a compulsory study, even as are the foreign languages, clay modeling, drawing, etc., at the present time.

How many of our urban high-school graduates of today would be able to supply food for themselves if forced to rely on their own efforts? And yet they are not to blame, because we, their elders, have not made it a necessary part of their education.—*Herbert B. Hasenbalg.*

—and a Grain of Salt

MARTINEZ, CALIF.—More power to you in your sponsorship of a back-to-the-farm movement for the jobless. But why not send Congress back to the soil also? It's a shame to have driven our poor congressmen to sweating over balancing this country's budget when they can hardly balance their own budget on the measly $10,000 per year doled out by the taxpayers for such brain-racking service.

Back on the farm they would have nothing to do but pick daisies, milk the cows, listen to the radio, feed hogs, kill

weeds, and pay taxes. Almost certainly they would make a better showing at doing these things than they did at putting the national finances in order.

In any case, it's unthinkable that they could do worse!—*Oil Worker.*

Happy Ending

GLASSBORO, N. J.—That Vox Popping guy who said, "What this country needs is a good five-cent magazine," is right. For Liberty isn't and never was a good five-cent magazine. Liberty is a good twenty-five-cent magazine, and we're darn' lucky to get it for a nickel.—*Alice Williams.*

Yesterday's Sweetmeats

By

ROBERT BENCHLEY

Pictures by ADAM JOHN BARTH

(Reading time: 6 minutes 20 seconds.)

IT is a rather dangerous thing to note encouraging tendencies in our national life, for just as soon as someone comes out with a statement that we are better than we used to be, we suddenly prance into another war, or a million people rush out and buy Crude Oil, preferred, or there is an epidemic of mother murders, and we are right back in the neolithic age again with our hair in our eyes.

But in the matter of children's candy I am afraid that we shall have to come right out and say definitely that the trend is upward. When I look back on the days of my youth and remember the candy that I used to impose on my stomach, the wonder is that I ever grew up to be the fine figure of a man that I now am. The wonder is that I ever grew up at all. Perhaps that was the idea, and I fooled them.

There were two distinct brands of candy in my day: the candy you bought in the drug store on Sunday, when the candy shops were closed, and the week-day, or Colored Corrosion, brand, which, according to all present-day standards of pure food, should have set up a bright green fermentation, with electric lights, in the epiglottises of nine-tenths of the youth of that time.

We can dismiss the Sunday drug-store candy with a word, for it was bought only once a week and then only for lack of something better. Its flavor was not enhanced by the fact that it was kept in tall glass jars, like appendixes, down at the end of the store where the prescriptions were filled, and consequently always had a faint suspicion of spirits of niter and sod. bicarb. about it.

The excitement of mixing them was hardly worth the distinct feeling of suicide which accompanied drinking the result.

The delicacy called "calves foot," for instance, which came in long ridged sticks, to be sucked with little or no relish, not only tasted of old French coffee on the second or third brewing, but gave you the undesirable feeling that it was also good for sore throat. The Sunday licorice sticks were larger and more unwieldy, and were definitely bitter on the tongue, besides costing a nickel apiece. Although the rock candy was sweet, it lacked any vestige of imagination in its make-up and made the eating of candy a hollow mockery, and, of course, horehound was frankly medicinal and could be employed only when everything else had failed.

It was on week days that the real orgy of poisoned and delicious candy took place, a dissipation which was to make a nation of dyspeptics of the present generation of business men and political leaders. This candy was usually bought in a little store run by an old lady (probably an agent in the employ of the German government, in a farsighted scheme to unfit the American people for participation in the war which was to come), and your arrival was heralded by the jangle of a little bell not very cleverly concealed on the top of the door. This was followed by a long period of concentration, the prospective customer sliding his nose along the glass case from end to end, pausing only to ask the price of particularly attractive samples. The smell of those little candy shops is probably now a vanished scent of a bygone day, for it combined not only the aroma of old candies and leather baseballs, but somehow the jangle of the little bell entered into one's nostrils and titillated two senses at once.

In this collection of tasty morsels the one which haunts my memory most insistently is a confection called the "wine cup," a cone-shaped bit of colored sugar filled with some villainous fluid which, when bitten, ran down over the chin and on to the necktie. It was capped by a dingy piece of marshmallow which was supposed to be removed with the teeth before drinking the ambrosia within, but usually at the first nibble the whole structure collapsed, with the result that inveterate "wine-cup" consumers had a telltale coating of sugared water down the front of the coat, and, on a cold day, a slight glaze of ice on the chin. What went on in the stomach no one knows, but it does not make a very pretty picture for the imagination.

ANOTHER novelty was an imitation fried egg in a small frying pan, the whole sticky mess to be dug out with a little tin spoon which always bent double at the first application and had to be thrown away. The procedure from then on was to extract the so-called "egg" with the teeth, with the chin jammed firmly into the lower part of the "frying pan" as a fulcrum. This, too, left its mark on the habitué, the smear sometimes extending as high up as the forehead if the nose was very small, as it usually was.

There was one invention which was fortunately short-lived, for even in those days of killers' candy it was a little too horrible for extended consumption. It consisted of two cubes (the forerunner of our bouillon cubes of today) which, on being placed each in a glass of water and mixed with a soda-fountain technique, proceeded to effervesce with an ominous activity and form what was known either as "root beer," "ginger ale," or "strawberry soda," according to the color of the cubes.

The excitement of mixing them was hardly worth the distinct feeling of suicide which accompanied the drinking of the result, for God knows what they were or what the chemical formula for the precipitate could have been. Probably something which could have gone into the manufacture of a good, stable house paint or even guncotton.

The little mottoes, in the shape of tiny hearts, which carried such varied sentiments as "I Love You," "Skiddoo," "Kick Me," and "Kiss Me Quick," were probably harmless enough in their make-up, although I would always mistrust anything colored pink, but transporting them from shop to school and around the town loose in the pocket soon rendered them grimy and covered with gnirs (a "gnir" is a little particle of wool found in the bottom of pockets, especially constructed for adhering to

This candy was usually bought in a little store run by an old lady, the prospective customer sliding his nose along the glass case from end to end.

candies) and unfit for anything involving an æsthetic sense.

" Nigger babies " also made poor pocket candies, especially when in contact with " jelly beans." (The " jelly bean " seems to have survived down the ages and still is served in little bean pots from the original stock in the store. It would be interesting to discover why.) Licorice whips and " all-day suckers " (which changed color and design on being held in the mouth, a fact which seemed miraculous at the time, but which, on contemplation, sends a slight shudder down the middle-aged spine) were probably the safest of all early twentieth-century candies, but even they would probably fail miserably to pass the test of the Bureau of Standards at Washington.

Worst of all was the " prize package," a cone of old newspaper containing the odds and ends of the day's refuse—hard marshmallows with enough thumbprints on them to convict the candy dealer ten times over, quantities of tired pop corn which had originally been pink, strange little oddments of green and red sugar which, even in their heyday, could not have been much, and, as the Prize, either a little piece of tin in the approximate shape of a horse or a button reading " Bust the Trusts." My gambling instinct made these " prize packages " a great favorite for my pennies, and it is to these and to old Mrs. Hill, who ran the candy shop and dispensed her largesse in this great-hearted manner, that I lay my present inability to eat eggs which have been boiled for more than eight seconds. Dear, *dear* Mrs. Hill!

And so, regardless of the present generation's freedom and reputed wildness, I will take a chance on their stomachs being in better shape at forty than mine is, for bootleg alcohol, whatever its drawbacks, takes away that craving for sweets which was the ruin of my generation.

Some further observations by Mr. Benchley will appear in an early issue.

No More ORCHIDS

The Inescapable Show-Down—Love Shines Through—Bill's Ordeal—Bumming with Dad—One Man Too Many for Anne

By

GRACE PERKINS

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE

(Reading time: 29 minutes 40 seconds.)

THIS is the exciting story of Anne Holt, told by herself. Anne became engaged to Prince Carlos of Moravia, but later met, loved, and planned to marry Tony Gage, manager of the Brazilian plantation owned by her grandfather, Jerome Cedric. The ambitious Cedric drove a hard bargain with Anne. Her father, Bill, was in a plight. Nina, Anne's mother, had left him for the sportsman Toby Wynn. Moreover, Bill was on the verge of financial collapse. Jerome Cedric offered funds to save Bill if Anne would consent to marry Carlos.

PART FIVE—DEADLOCKED

FOR forty-eight hours I went through hell. The thought of kicking over Tony was less than half of my suffering. I had it all figured out, in order to make the situation bearable at all, that I'd go through with the marriage to Carlos, and as soon as it was conceivably decent I'd divorce him. If I had to chloroform Tony in order to win him, I'd go to him. I'd get him somehow—eventually. But I dreaded facing him, dreaded trying to explain, dreaded his eyes when I could no longer put off seeing him.

Yet all that seemed nothing. What hurt worse than words could possibly express was my loss of faith in Bill. If Nina had suddenly gone sex-mad, that was that, and one waited until the fad wore off.

But Bill! I'd seen him come smack up against it, and instead of rising up to master what life flung at him, he had buckled under. I saw him a bad sport, a weakling; nervous, drinking too much, jumpy and unfit to fight his own battles. The thought that he had gone to Jerome Cedric for *money* turned me sick with disgust every time I dared let myself think of it.

That first afternoon and evening I pleaded illness—nor was that really a lie—and so I avoided both Tony and Bill. I wasn't up to facing either of them. The next day I dodged Bill as if he were a process server. But illness wouldn't work, for I had to be up and on hand for the luncheon with Carlos at two and the dinner that night at grandfather's.

Carlos was sweet. There was no denying his fascination; the man reeked of personality and charm. Before an hour had passed I gathered that he was particularly anxious to make himself agreeable and amiable, and before two hours had ticked away I knew why. . . . Ludorf, slightly fatter and a good shade redder than usual, was silently volcanic. . . . He had heard of Nina's contemplated divorce and her still more appalling plan to marry one of the world's most notorious playboys, and he was on the verge of eruption any moment because of such a scandal in my family.

Hence Carlos was so desperately desirous of shining through that cloud of disapproval. The whole atmosphere of the dinner was rocky and wearing, and Carlos was struggling manfully to keep the sparks from flaring up.

Ludorf and Carlos escorted me to my door, and I was as grateful for Ludorf's irascible presence as Carlos was irritated by it. I didn't ask Carlos in. He kissed my hand at the door and I left him.

But at the head of the stairs, just outside of the drawing-room, sat Tony—his jaw set, his eyes smoldering.

His expression changed as he came toward me.

"Why—Anne! Are you—crying?"

"No!" I snapped.

I walked into the drawing-room and turned on the lights wearily. Might as well face it now as any time.

"What's the matter, honey?" he demanded tenderly. His whole manner as he attempted to take me in his arms was one of gentle and puzzled concern.

"Don't act nice to me." I twisted away from him irritably. "I'm not worth it."

"Do you mind talking sense?"

"I'm trying to!" I flared. "I'm going to marry Carlos, after all. I thought I didn't—didn't care for him, but I do. It—he means too much to me. I can't give

MY horse had been high-strung and frightened from the start—I realized too late that he was badly saddled.

him up. See? It's very simple. I—I just was infatuated with you!"

He measured me incredulously from head to toe.

"You're a liar!" he said calmly.

He turned on his heel and walked slowly to the door, turned the lock deliberately, and put the key in his pocket. He walked over to a chair and seated himself coolly.

"You're not through with me," he said levelly. "Nothing is going to budge me until I know what it's all about."

I WALKED over to the divan, took off my wrap, and lit a cigarette.

"There's nothing to explain," I fumbled awkwardly. "I—I can't put it in plain words. I'm sorry. . . . I dreaded having to . . . Oh, Tony, *please!*"

He sat immovable, his eyes accusing.

"Tony, I'll bust out crying . . ."

"Go right ahead."

I leaned back, quivering—trying to think of some hit-and-run story to satisfy him.

A muffled, regular sound reached us. . . . Bill's footsteps overhead in his "lib'ry," pacing up and down. My lip curled involuntarily. He was drinking—drinking alone, no doubt.

"Tony dear—I'm frightfully tired. . . . I'm completely unnerved. Tomorrow I could talk to you. . . ."

He was on his feet now, reaching out to grasp hold of my shoulders.

"It's your grandfather!" His grip was unbearable. "He's done something! He's said something. You hadn't the decency to come to me and face me with it, whatever it is. You might have given me that much!"

"No, you're wrong, Tony. Darling, it wasn't that. He couldn't—he couldn't turn me against— Oh, Tony, please leave me alone!"

"You're going to tell me. You might as well. I'll find out. I'll go to him! If I can't get it from him, I'll get it some way. If I have to go to your sniveling, fortune-hunting little runt of a Prince! By God, if you think I'm going to be this near to heaven and let you snatch it away from me for no good reason, you're crazy!"

"I'll tell you, Tony. I've told you already. It's just that it means too much to me. I can't give it all up. I—the money—I couldn't be penniless with you—"

"Oh, yes, you could! You could be penniless with me,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

AROUND seven the next morning Bill and I found ourselves at a wharf beer joint in Hoboken. We didn't know how we got there.

[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page forty-nine]

and like it! That doesn't cut any ice with me any more, Anne. You're my woman. You'll marry me, and you'll live in a mudhole if necessary. Then, if you can't stand it, I'll do something about it."

"Oh, Tony," I whispered. "Oh, Tony—Tony, *I love you!*"

"Say it. Say it!"

"I love you—I love you—I'll die with you!"

His lips at last were on mine, his arms strong around me. He lifted me up and carried me over to the divan. Sat beside me, and held my hands tight up against him. "Now, tell me," he whispered. "What was it?"

"Tony—it's Bill!"

"Bill?" He frowned, bewildered.

"Remember that morning we saw him come out of grandfather's house? He went to borrow money. *Imagine!* Bill!"

I hid my burning face against his shoulder.

"He said that Bill was facing utter ruin. He said . . ."

Tony bent down swiftly and kissed my lips.

"You don't have to tell me, honey," he whispered huskily. "I get the whole picture."

He set me back against the pillows, and stood up.

"You think he's got you cornered. That's awfully old stuff, Anne. And it's cockeyed psychology, to begin with. I wouldn't let you do it. Not even for Bill."

He took the key out of his pocket and marched deliberately to the door.

"Tony—what are you going to do?"

"Tell Bill about it."

"Tony! You wouldn't be such a—cad!"

"I don't look at it that way. You have your whole life ahead of you, Anne. You wouldn't tell Bill because you know he'd feel exactly as I do. He wouldn't let you make any such fantastic sacrifice, and you know it. I'm sorry to hurt Bill—I wish to God I could do something for him. But he's lived his life. He isn't the only man that's facing ruin today."

"TONY—wait—you don't understand!"

But he had unlocked the door, and had reached the door of Bill's lib'ry and was knocking before I got to the top of the stairs.

"Bill," I called frantically, as my father threw open the door. "Bill—don't listen to him!"

"Bill, I want to talk to you." Tony walked in and faced him squarely.

"Please!" I screamed. "Bill—he's drunk."

Bill put his hands to his ears.

"Must I be in on the family fights?" he pleaded. "Anne, will you for God's sake sit down? Here—have a drink, the two of you. If you think I'm going to take sides in a lovers' quarrel, you're mad!"

He grinned and handed us both tall clinking glasses. But his smile half faded as each of us refused.

"Bill, are you in financial trouble?"

Bill stared at Tony and his lower lip quivered.

"Bill, honey, please don't listen—"

"Shut up, Anne! Now, young man, out with it!"

"Jerome Cedric told Anne you were facing ruin! He had Anne believing that if she went through with her marriage to Prince Carlos he could save you and your

bank from ruin. I knew you wouldn't permit—"

"I never heard of such rot!" Bill's face went totally white.

He turned to me accusingly. For one brief moment I thought he was going to crack. And then the Bill I'd always known and always adored shone through.

"You're a gullible little fool." He shrugged. "A very sweet one, and it's gratifying, if a bit humiliating, to know that you'd go to such lengths for me. I'd thank you to let me manage my own affairs after this."

"Bill—you *were* worried! And he did have proof!"

"I'll admit that." He smiled grimly. "The bank has been in a very desperate condition. I don't want that to go further, though God knows what whispering campaign that low-lived old scoundrel would start to make things more difficult for me. But I got all the money that I needed to tide us through. What danger there was is past."

He looked from Tony to me and back to Tony.

"I wish you could see your face!" he roared. "Both of you. Sheepish isn't the word. You've been through hours of dramatics over nothing. Here, have a drink on it, for God's sake, and smile. Do you know what I've been doing up here? Trying to figure out a move!"

He waved his hand to a chess table set up in an alcove, and, his arm on Tony's shoulder, he walked over to explain the position with painful enthusiasm.

Through the open window came the deep-bellied notes of a ship's whistle. . . .

I shivered with sudden realization. Nina's ship—pulling out! Nina's sailing night, and I had forgotten! She had been in New York, then, and hadn't even phoned me. . . .

The siren blew again—long, muffled tones. Bill glanced up nervously from the chess table.

"Hey, skipper," he called over to me. "Turn on the victrola, will you? And make it jazz!"

II

AFTER that night Bill seemed bent on proving that he was the most unworried and unconcerned man in the United States when it came to money matters and business. I'm sure, too, that he felt the overwhelming need of our company.

He and Tony planned a trip to Quebec. They seemed bent on making me defy grandfather, as if to sign, seal, and deliver my allegiance to them.

For five unforgettable days we lived in saddles or on snowshoes and slept in a rough-hewn cabin overlooking the St. Lawrence.

And there we planned: how and when Tony and I could get married; how Bill would go with us on our honeymoon, cruising on his yacht down to South America, where we would plunge headlong into the expedition into Colombia. Bill lived, ate, and slept that expedition, eager to back it to the last crumb.

Tony insisted upon business papers, legal forms and everything strictly official, with no loophole of inferring

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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YOU CAN DEPEND ON A LIGGETT & MYERS PRODUCT

"REMEMBER that morning we saw him come out of grandfather's house? He went to borrow money."

[NO MORE ORCHIDS
Continued from page fifty-one]

that he was accepting largess; so that we might understand he was not marrying wealth.

"You can keep your money, if you must!" There was grimness behind his grin. "Bill can tuck it away for you anywhere he wants. As my wife you're not to touch a penny of it. I want it fixed so you *can't* touch it. If you ever want to throw me over and leave me—you can go back to your world and you'll have all the money your little heart craves."

"But—"

BILL kicked me under the table.

"Nobody could ask for anything fairer," he humored Tony; and I swear I resented the utter admiration and approval in Bill's blue eyes.

We went back to New York ready, I thought, to face anything. I got the first knock between the eyes the moment I landed. A two-days-old telegram was on my dresser to tell me of Cramps' death! She had not had the strength to pull through after a hasty operation for acute appendicitis. It sort of knocked the wind right out of me. I felt lower than a worm, for I'd been too busy to pay much attention to Cramps and her problems.

I got busy on the phone and made frantic inquiries. Cramps' sister was still in the sanitarium, suffering a great setback from worry and grief. A neighbor was looking after the five children. Debts were pressing down on them. The hospital authorities were still waiting instructions as to Cramps' burial.

Flossie went down for me on the next train, with carte-blanche orders and blank checks. She was to phone me regularly and keep me informed.

My own chief task was facing grandfather. He was almost bursting blood vessels with outraged authority.

But he couldn't faze me any longer. When I explained that Bill had been able to raise all the money he needed from other sources and was no longer in any financial danger, he laughed at my swallowing such a lie.

"Bill doesn't lie," I reminded him quietly. "I'm going to marry Anthony Gage, and what's more I'm going to marry him within a few months. I warn you! I don't want to involve you in unpleasant international rifts, and I most certainly do not want to harm the Prince in any way. I'll be perfectly amiable and go through all the gestures and play the game to the last inch. But if you don't make a move to manage things within a month—I will."

I started in, carefully watching my step. They were very confusing days. I was in the center of a crazy ring-around-a-rosy of four men. Four men of clashing characteristics, each believing and insisting that he had supreme claim on me. Grandfather Jerome, Prince Carlos, Bill, and Tony. . . .

Bill began to lapse back into the queer behavior that so exasperated me. He dodged discussions or any definite arrangements.

Within a few weeks he hinted that we should postpone the expedition from the middle of January, as we had tentatively planned, until the end of February. "No use rushing in half ready," etc., etc.

Obviously Tony was disappointed and not a little hurt. He hinted that there was no basic need of such elaborate plans as Bill had forwarded, anyway; that he could scrape together sufficient backing to make a test trip (of about six months) and then, if the results were promising, it would be saner to tackle the bigger scheme.

SUPPOSE, said Tony with swashbuckling enthusiasm, we got married and went on our honeymoon to South America quite alone. In about two months down there Tony could see for himself what the situation was.

So we tell Bill our plans, and he smiles and says that's not a half bad idea. Which makes me slightly sore, for it does seem that he's rather backing down.

Bill was working as I'd never seen him work in my whole young life. Yet, according to him and his behavior, we weren't in any way pressed for money; nor did he seem a fraction as worried as he had before Nina sailed. Why, then, hadn't he given orders to have the Bounder VII prepared?

The month I'd given grandfather expired—and left us all a bit frazzled in nerves.

Tony wanted a show-down. He had tickets for our sailing to South America. January 28 on the Bogotá. Either I married him and sailed, or he sailed alone. No more shilly-shallying for Anthony Gage.

I went over to see grandfather. The month was up. He hadn't done a thing.

"Yes, Tony, I know the month is up. . . . Grandfather said thus and so. . . . But I don't care, darling. I'll be just as happy and peaceful as you when it's all over with and we're alone and safe. . . . I'm to see Carlos on Thursday, and I'll break with him then."

But Thursday morning Bill didn't go down to the bank. He emerged from his rooms around eleven and asked if I could give him a few minutes.

He sat on the side of my bed. . . . God, I'll never forget him! He wasn't shaved; his hair wasn't combed; his eyes were bloodshot and roving. . . . There was a glass still in his hand, as if it had grown there. He had come through several hours of concentrated drinking. . . . But he never said a word. He just handed me a cable from Nina, all wrinkled and thumbed—he had received it the day before—and stared around the room with an unhappy, hypnotic glare, sipping his drink automatically.

The cable was from Venice. Nina had been married a week already. She wanted to acknowledge receipt of the settlement which Bill's lawyer had wired to her Parisian bank; but quite evidently she was unimpressed with the amount and a bit puzzled at such a show of shabby generosity! A half million dollars!

I FROWNED over at Bill. I must confess I thought it peculiar, too. Why make a stab at fixing a settlement on Nina at all, if five hundred thousand was the best he could see fit to spare?

But there was no answer to be found in Bill.

Nina and her husband were sailing on his yacht from Venice. Today. They must be out on the Adriatic this minute. Or was it later there—or earlier? I must figure that out. . . . They were headed on a five-year cruise around the world—to all the strange exotic places that she had often dreamed of going. They would head down the coast of Africa first. . . . She would wire us at various stopping places and keep us in touch with the itinerary. . . . Meanwhile we could address her care of her lawyer in Paris. Would Anne please understand about her not being on hand for her wedding? She hoped her little girl would be as beautifully happy as she herself was.

The rest was a list of messages to deliver to various relatives and friends, and a promise to write. That last joke that Nina always played—the promise to write.

She signed herself Nina Wynn.

"Well," I sighed, and looked over at Bill. "That's rather that, isn't it? It's over and done."

Bill drained his glass and nodded silently.

"I never expected her for my wedding," I observed, determined to be casual. "What will she think when she hears I've married Tony Gage and knows all the circumstances?"

Bill was staring out of the window. He turned and gazed at me as if through a fog. Then he thrust his hands in the pockets of his lounging robe and headed with great steadiness for the door.

I followed him down the hall toward his room.

"No more to drink, Bill!" I ordered sharply. "For heaven's sake!"

He glared at me sulkily, headed uncertainly for the ship, and half pulled himself up on board by the rail. . . .

"*Nina Wynn!*" he repeated furiously under his breath. "*All the places I've dreamed of going.* . . . In my hat!"

HE disappeared inside the cabin. I stood, numb with fear, listening to the uncertain clink of bottles; and then I turned and crept back into my own room. I had a terrible time tracing down the name of Bill's trainer; but I got him on the phone finally, and begged him to come up and put Bill through a few paces and straighten him out.

I phoned and broke my engagement with the Prince. Quite plainly, he understood! I sent Flossie for the latest papers. They made my heart stand still. My one aim was to keep them from Bill.

Nina had married before her decree was final! She and her husband were out on the high seas without being decently or legally married! Evidently they'd have to go through another ceremony of some kind at the first port they reached!

Bill was barricaded. Nothing less than breaking down the door would get an answer from him, though I could hear him moving around plainly enough, and surely he must have heard me.

Oh, well. It would all blow over. In a short time nobody would care—or remember. . . .

It was half past five before the trainer arrived. Bill recognized his voice and ordered him to get away from the door and stay away.

I urged the trainer on.

He stood off, measured the door, and then went up very close to the crack.

One word he called—at the top of his bellowing lungs. One word that sent the shivers down my back.

There was a second's silence. Then we heard Bill's firm tread across the floor, and the key rattled in the lock. The insult had accomplished its purpose.

The servants scooted, and even I stepped back out of Bill's sight.

He opened the door, reached out, and grabbing the trainer's shoulder he jerked him in.

For two or three hair-raising moments there were most ungodly sounds behind that closed door.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

He STORMED at his repair bills

● NO END of repair bills . . . until a friend tipped him off to *oilier oil!*

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Continued from page fifty-three

Then it opened, and hurled through the air came the limp body of the big, brawny trainer, to land with a sickening thud in a sprawl in the hallway.

The door closed again.

The butler came, and another manservant. They picked up the trainer and carried him upstairs.

The door opened again.

Bill stepped out into the hall and faced me. He was immaculate—as if freshly bathed and especially groomed for an occasion. Debonair, smiling.

"My dear," he said, "I'm going out for a little while. Don't wait up for me."

He bent forward and kissed me lightly. Started on a trot down the stairs, humming softly to himself.

I raced to my own room.

"My oldest clothes—quick! Flossie, get me one of the maids' coats or something. Tell Higgins to delay Bill a few minutes. Have I money in my purse? I'm going to follow him."

I flung myself into a smelly black imitation-fur coat and jammed the kitchen maid's hat on my head. I dashed down the stairs and out the back way, bent on the wildest night I have ever lived through. . . .

Higgins had heard the address that Bill had given—504 East Fifty-sixth. I grabbed a cab and drew up at the address just as he was getting out of his cab and going into a huge brand-new apartment house. I waited for him. I didn't want to follow him to somebody's apartment, and besides he was holding his cab.

He came out in fifteen minutes, looking somewhat disappointed. Whomever he'd come to see wasn't in, then. Back in the cab and he went to the Racquet and Tennis Club. I sat and waited for him for three solid hours, my eyes glued to the door for his appearance. I didn't dare leave long enough to get something to eat or try to phone Tony.

Out came Bill with several other men. I followed them to a building on Sixty-second Street near Broadway. Me, I knew what that meant. An all-night poker game, no doubt. It was a famous gambling house.

I set two attendants on the watch, and went to call Flossie. Yes, Mr. Gage had phoned and she had told him what had happened. No, he didn't say where he would be.

I went back to the building that had swallowed Bill, and sat in a cab. At twelve thirty the boys reported he was still deep in a game, and winning!

I took a whale of a chance and taxied over to the garage and got my own car. I might eventually get a ticket for parking too long, but I could cruise around.

ONE o'clock. Half past one, and Bill came out. He and a group of men stood huddled a few moments talking, and then they broke up.

Bill searched around for a cab, and I called over to him. He peered at me, and frowned with annoyance.

"What in God's name are you doing here?"

"Waiting to be taken on a party."

"Listen!" He thrust his face into the car at me. "If I get in this car, I'll take you home and give you the best licking you ever got in your life—so help me! Now, I'm not funning."

"Oh, all right."

I drove off in a fine pretense of a huff. Went around the block and found him climbing into a cab. Again I trailed him to East Fifty-sixth Street. Again I waited until he reappeared in a few moments with a disappointed slump to his shoulders. He spotted me and smiled. Stood at the door of my car and lit a thoughtful cigarette. Climbed in and nudged me with his hips out of place at the wheel.

"If you're going bumming with me," he warned, with one of his noblest winks, "not a word as to what I drink nor where I drink it."

Around seven the next morning Bill and I found ourselves at a wharf beer joint in Hoboken. We didn't know how we got there, but we did figure out how to get home.

III

TONY was fit to be tied. You'd think I'd walked up and lifted his watch and ring. Furious because I'd broken the date with him; outraged because Bill hadn't more sense than to drag me around to foul places all night.

He was certain that I was simple-minded over Carlos, insistent that I wasn't taking it seriously or I'd have wound up the whole silly business ages ago! Violent in his demands that I phone the papers and deny the reports of my engagement to Carlos.

I haven't the longest of tempers myself, and besides I was pretty frayed after the last twenty-four hours.

"I'm sick of being pushed and nudged and crowded," I complained heatedly. "Just because you're bored hanging around New York is no reason why I have to do a high dive into a bowl of soup. The world won't come to an end if we sail later than the twenty-eighth."

"It comes to an end as far as I'm concerned!" he snapped. "I'm sailing on the twenty-eighth!"

"If you'll calm down and wait, Bill will pull through this period and things will settle down at the bank, and then he'll go through with his plans for the expedition, and—"

"The truth is—you don't want to go at all, down deep in your heart."

"That's not so—I just don't see what the rush is for the twenty-eighth."

"If I hang around this town much longer I'll be a prize bum. For over two months I've been sitting by sucking my thumb. And you haven't yet settled one thing. My God! If you're going to drop him, why don't you drop him? Or is it because you really hate to?"

"We've been all through that."

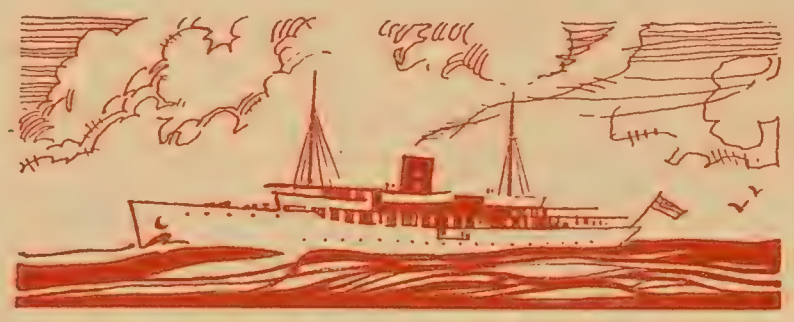
"Yeah? Well, the next time you have a date with that cluck, I'm going along. And I'll tell him myself. I'll show you how easy it's done."

"That's bad grammar!"

"Me and my bad grammar are sailing on the twenty-eighth," he flung over his shoulder at me. "Take it or leave it! I'm not going to hang around."

He slammed the door resoundingly behind him, and left me to pace up and down trying to convince myself that he was unreasonable and tyrannical and I could never be happy with him.

But an hour later, after squeezing the phone dry of excuses, I wrote him a note and sent Flossie with it:



DARLING: I am seeing Carlos tomorrow and that will be the end. Please call me.

ANNE.

I phoned Jerome and found that he'd left town and was in retirement up at his place in Pleasantville. He had evidently taken Ludorf and Carlos with him, escaping reporters and such. I reached him with great difficulty, and then had to write another note to Tony:

HONEY DEAR: L. & C. are up at grandfather's in Pleasantville. I am going up there to settle everything. Won't be gone longer than the week-end, and maybe I'll be back sooner. For God's sake, can't you telephone me, or stay near your own phone? I adore you.

ANNE.

Not a word. No phone call. No chance of reaching him. Flossie reported after each delivery that nobody was at the apartment except Paulo and the nurse.

Men are pettish fools.

I went up to Pleasantville in a resolute mood, half angry with the whole world.

Carlos was charming and sympathetic. He was the first one who seemed to realize that I might feel badly over my mother's behavior.

He laughed softly and rattled some of his own family skeletons, much to Ludorf's discomfort and snarling silence.

We were not permitted to see each other alone at all that day, and at night, after they had retired, Jerome sprang a long session in private on me. I listened in cool amusement, never taking one word seriously!

With a boyishness that was really endearing, Carlos knocked at my bedroom door after I had retired, thrust a note into my hand, and kissed me. Then he disappeared. The note asked that I meet him in the garden at five in the morning and go riding with him, "so we might have at least one precious hour together."

Poor kid! He was terribly in love with me, in his shy, wistful way. It wouldn't be easy to tell him; but, at least, here was a handmade opportunity.

I waited until the house was quiet and I was sure there were no eavesdroppers lurking under the carpets; then I phoned Tony—and caught him.

"Tony—darling!"

"Have you broken yet?"

"I couldn't—I hadn't a chance."

"Good night."

I got him back again, after considerable difficulty. "Tony, listen to me. I'm going horseback riding with him in the morning. Just alone. I'll tell him then. They didn't give me one moment with him all afternoon or evening."

"And you hadn't the nerve to tell all of them, huh? I'm beginning to believe you'll never go through with it."

"I'll show you!"

"I hope so. Good night."

AT five in the morning I met Carlos, and set off with him gloriously determined.

At seven o'clock, or thereabouts, I came to in Grasslands, a hospital in White Plains, a mass of bandages and aches.

I vaguely remembered that my horse had been high-strung and frightened from the start—that I realized too late that he was badly saddled—that something had scared him and he had run away. . . .

Carlos, they told me, had saved my life. He just would! He was there at the hospital, too.

A new and highly romantic story for the newspapers. Royal heart throbs *ad lib.* . . .

I wasn't badly hurt. My face was cut and one eye was badly swollen. I had a knee that made me limp and a shoulder that tried its darnedest to turn to stone. But no serious injuries.

Carlos, on the other hand, had broken his leg twice and suffered internal injuries. . . .

Under cover of night, Bill came and took me home. But Tony wasn't with him. Evidently he had waited for that phone call at six, and when he didn't hear from me had drawn his own thick-headed conclusions.

Early the next morning he came to me. Beaming! Roses under one arm, a wire-haired pup under the other.

"Angel"—he stopped and stared at my bandages—"you're hurt!"

"Only scratched."

"Whew!" He whistled in relief. "Bill told me you weren't hurt. No real damage! My God, girl, I nearly went to church, I was so grateful."

"Where were you all day yesterday?"

"Oh, that! I thought you'd walked out on me. Never mind where I was. I'm an ass!"

"I'm glad you admit it."

He grinned and bent over to kiss me. He kissed every bandage and every little mark on my face. . . .

He straightened up and hitched the fool little dog under the crook of his arm.

"Tell me."

"What?"

"Did or didn't you break your engagement before the accident?"

"Why—Tony—"

"You didn't!"

"It happened right after we left the grounds! You see—"

"Anne!"

"Tony, I'm not to blame if—"

HE turned away dejectedly. He let the dog drop to the floor, and pitched the roses on a near-by table.

"Tony!" I wailed.

He stared dejectedly at the knob of my door and twirled it absent-mindedly.

"Tony, if you leave me now, I swear I'll never phone you again as long as I live."

"That's love, huh?"

"I can't hand *your* love so much!"

"Oh, I'm weary of this business."

"It's no lark for me."

"Anne, I can't stand it! You're making a total wreck out of me. You're doing just what I knew you'd try to do—the first time I met you. You're trying to put me on a leash. Your world has you mesmerized. You don't see clearly. You think you love me, but you're not willing to drop everything and go with me.

"I can't stand it! I'm not going to hang around and be dangled on a string. You can't manage me. If I give in now, I'll always give in. Some day you'd make me give in once too often, and I'd turn and strangle you."

"Tony dear—"

"Don't Tony dear me! Don't hold out your arms to me. You know you can get me. You know it! But I won't let you. Anne—I couldn't and live with myself. You know I love you beyond reason. You know I'd do anything in the world for you—"

"No, you wouldn't. You wouldn't stay and live my life with me."

"No! And you won't give it up! All right. That's the way it is, then. I'm through!"

Can Anne and Tony really give each other up? You'll learn whether or not it's the end, for them, in next week's smashingly dramatic installment of the story.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

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SQUIBB
ASPIRIN

Answers to Twenty Questions on page 23

1—Helena.
2—Mayflower.
3—Nova Scotians.
4—Eight.
5—Loss or impairment of the sense of smell.
6—A memorandum which is used as the basis of a formal treaty between nations.
7—The lowest tides in the lunar month.
8—A hard, crystalline sugar present in milk.
9—Mercury, which has a diameter of about 3,000 miles.
10—The practice of opening a vein for letting blood in the treatment of disease.
11—A large hawk of a dark brown color above and mostly pure white below.
12—Eight.
13—The hire-purchase system.
14—Chiefly from the upper jaw of the bowhead and the right whales.
15—The pith of the stem of the rice-paper tree.
16—The juice of grapes.
17—Melpomene.
18—Geometry.
19—Wisdom; sageness; profound knowledge.
20—A mammal.

A Few Notes on Torture

Three Unique Forms Worked Entirely Through Birds

By DR. SEUSS

"This Image is no longer available"

THE CARVED-HEART RACKET

THERE flourishes, in Central Park, a racket that is especially appalling because it preys upon that tender passion—the love of youth for maiden. The racketeer learns that a chap named, say, Looie, is enamored of a lass named Ruth. Looie is asked to pay "Love Insurance." If Looie refuses, the gangster releases a flock of educated woodpeckers whose beautiful but malicious carvings completely break up the romance.

"This Image is no longer available"

THE LIGHT-CORD RACKET

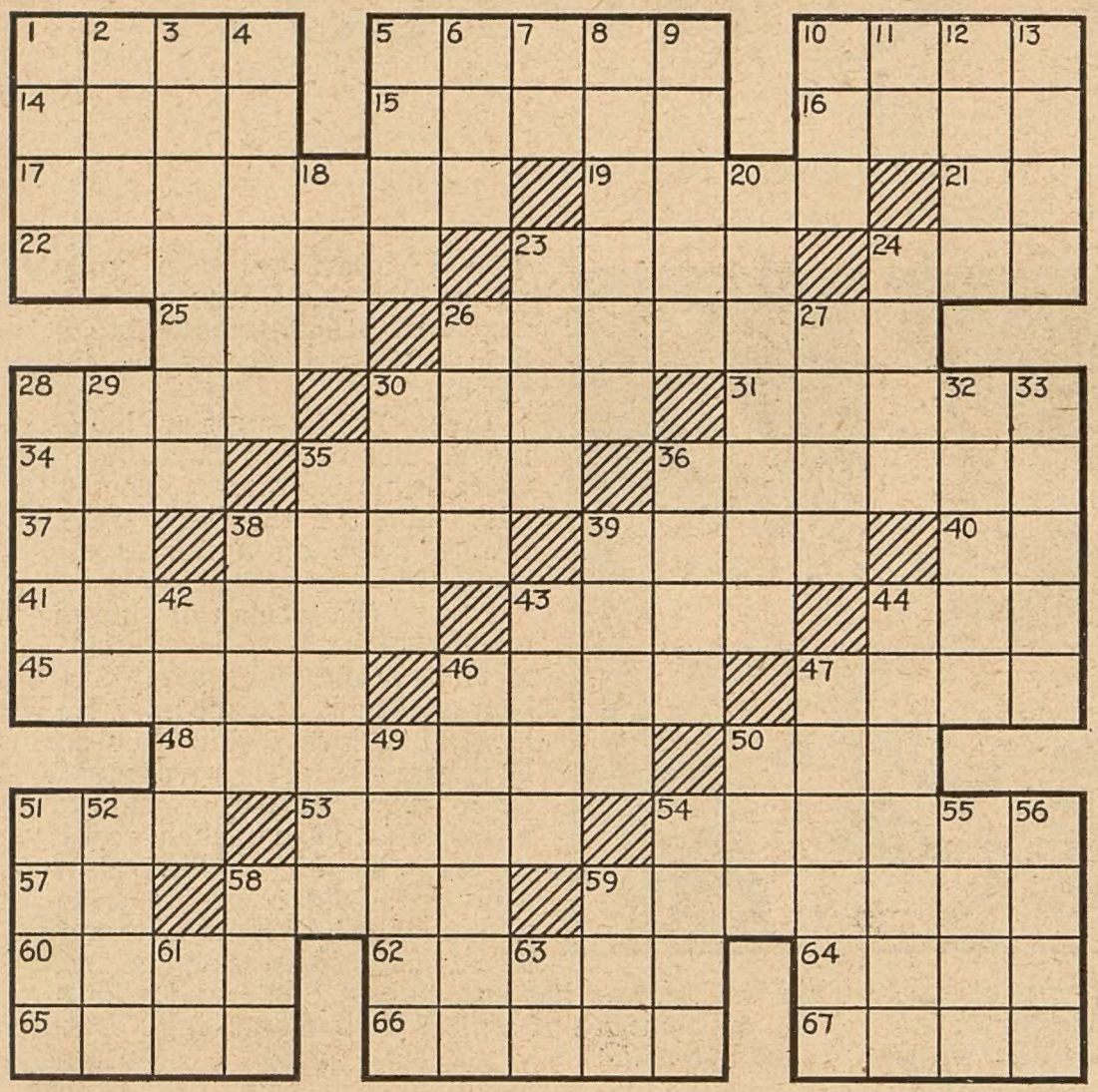
OF all the forms of torture-for-money ever devised by the criminal mind, the most diabolical is Racketeer Muggsy Osterlaut's "Torture by Duck." Muggsy simply sees that his trained duck, Prunella, gets into your house. After a few dark nights of frantically groping for your light cords, you are quite ready to send Muggsy the cash he demands.

"This Image is no longer available"

THE GREAT BUNG RACKET

THE threat of death by racketeers has become such old stuff that today it makes little impression. For this reason, the wily gangster, Noddy Whelpfkind, has sold his gat and bought himself a cormorant named Zeke. Zeke zooms in of a Saturday night and snitches the bung from the bathtub.

Cross Words *A New Puzzle*



HORIZONTAL

1 Bryophytic plant of the class Musci
5 Portuguese colony off the China coast
10 Part of a wheel
14 Extent of surface
15 Descended from the same mother
16 Supreme deity of the later Norse pantheon
17 Released a claim to (law)
19 Sour
21 Pass from one spot to another
22 To treat with intentional neglect
23 Border on
24 Dress and prepare, as certain skins, for leather
25 To dally amorously with
26 Prescience
28 Biblical name (I Chron.)
30 Fell by or as by the force of gravity
31 Lord paramount
34 A fuel
35 A form of lotto used in gambling
36 More substantial or solid
37 Pronoun
38 Surgeon's probe
39 Agreement
40 The symbol for an element
41 Directed to a different course
43 Supplies with a crew
44 Sandpiper
45 Manufacturing town in Germany
46 Large marine fish of northern Europe
47 Morsels
48 Gazing
50 A fabric
51 Turkish title of courtesy
53 Musical setting for a lyrical poem
54 In abundance
57 Month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
58 Male fox
59 Benediction
60 River in Italy
62 A former Sultan of Turkey
64 Case for carrying toilet articles
65 Slight designedly
66 Measured quantity of hay or straw
67 Action

VERTICAL

1 A planet
2 A Russian province
3 Descendants of Shem
4 Commercial city of Cochin China
5 Appropriate
6 Furthermore
7 Symbol for calcium
8 Title formerly used by Turkish rulers
9 Apartment in a dwelling (class. arch.)
10 A bushy clump
11 Suffix used in naming meteors (astronomy)
12 Latvian seaport
13 Enough
18 Skittish
20 Kind of type (plural)
23 River in Italy
24 Abound
26 A catching of the breath
27 Bound by a short cable; said of ships
28 Arch crossing a Gothic vault diagonally
29 A tax assessed on property
30 Dispatch
32 Animal of the civet kind
33 American Indians
35 Most acute of mind
36 To seize, as with the teeth
38 Genealogical chart
39 Sudden and transitory fit
42 Descry
43 Chinese dynasty
44 Quick retort
46 Tarry
47 Misrepresented
49 Become overheated
50 Conducted, as a business
51 Heavy rod, as of iron or wood (plural)
52 Shortened form of a man's name
54 Kind of light muffin (plural)
55 Debauchee
56 Woman's name
58 Weep convulsively
59 Twice
61 Greek letter
63 Symbol for a metallic element

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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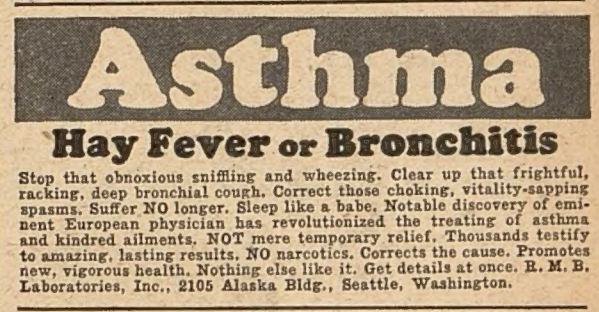
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To the Ladies!

By

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

TEA with Ruth St. Denis, most picturesque of American dancers, internationally famed. From the outside her home is not spectacular; it looks like any comfortable suburban dwelling. Then the door swings open—and I step into the Orient.

The walls are lacquered red. Japanese furniture glows with vivid enamels. From some inner room a thrum of Oriental music beats voluptuously upon my ears.

And I see Ruth St. Denis waiting to greet me. She stands framed in a doorway of gold. What a picture! Tall, magically graceful, snow-white-haired, she wears a pink robe flowing under a white kimono embroidered with flowers of vivid coral.

Dramatic and fascinating—yet this beautiful woman is perfectly natural—not a scrap of pose or artificiality about her.

Miss St. Denis has just been appointed director of the Theater of Dance for the Chicago World's Fair. It is her ambition to establish a permanent classical ballet in America.

She has tracked down and studied national dances in every corner of the world. In far-off Calcutta she once conducted a determined hunt for real Hindu "nautch" dancers, those fabulous Salomes of the East.

Ruth St. Denis

Finally, in the palace of the rajah who owned them body and soul, she found two. They were wrinkled old women, dressed in virginal white. But how they could dance!

"One of their favorite dances is done entirely with the eyebrows," Miss St. Denis told me. "It is impossible for a Westerner to learn."

Ruth St. Denis has great hopes for the terpsichorean future of the U. S. A. "We have a million student dancers," she said, "and plenty of first-class talent to be trained and produced."

FRIENDS were dining with us recently, and when dessert was served I discovered, to my mortification, that the peaches in it were abominable. They tasted like flannel. I apologized to my guests, and that launched us on the subject of fruit in season.

We talked of those bygone days when the first peaches, the first strawberries, the first green peas were an event.

Someone said, "Don't you remember the Sunday dinner when the first green peas of the year were served with spring lamb or duckling? Then you knew that summer was really arriving. It *meant* something."

Everyone chimed in with recollections. The conversation led me to wonder whether we housewives go about our job of varying menus in the wisest way. By overlooking the *seasonal* values of fruit and vegetables, don't we miss some of the variety we seek? And shouldn't we give our local gardeners a break?

Before our party was over my friends and I decided to form a private "fruit in season" club. We plan to dine together every so often, and make a greedy fuss over fruits and vegetables locally grown.

I AM looking at a woman's photograph. It was sent to me by a mutual friend, who wrote, "See how unchanged she is, in spite of her age."

I see. The features are handsome indeed, but to me it is a *dead* face: there is no expression, no mellowness—none of the lines traced by life to make an aging face truly beautiful.

I know the woman of this photograph. Her story is fantastic. I met her many years ago. She was beautiful then, and she knew it. Her looks, her lovely skin, her superb body were her sole preoccupations. Of course she had regiments of admirers. But none of them ever clung to her very long. They fluttered around the flame of her beauty—and went off to marry other girls. The explanation was simple enough: This beauty was hard as nails. She had the outward form and features of a glorious human being. But that was all she had.

At length she married an elderly man. Her marriage was unique—and revolting. "You may feast your eyes on my beauty," she told her husband, "but you may not touch me."

Years later I met her again. She reclined on a couch in a dimly lighted boudoir. Near her hung a mirror at an angle permitting her to watch every expression of her own face.

She never laughed; she never frowned; she rarely smiled. In a moment of frankness she said, "You get lines around your mouth from smiling."

Never in my life have I felt such loathing for anyone as I felt for that lovely creature. Do you wonder that the face I see in the photograph before me is the face of a living corpse?

DO you read postal cards addressed to other people when you find them lying around? If so, you may be interested in what happened to a French postman who had this habit. The wicked postman read 'em—and blabbed.

He told a man that his (the man's) wife was corresponding with a lover. Outraged husband shot wife. Horrible story, isn't it?

TWO of the smartest summer evening dresses I have seen this year are both made of cotton. Both are equally suitable for a woman over thirty or for a deb.

One of these dresses was made of broad-wale piqué cut to mold the figure closely.

A wreath of blue-velvet forget-me-nots encircled the entire neckline, which was medium high in front, very low behind.

The other dress, of white organdie crisscrossed by a large cherry-colored plaid, boasted a full skirt, a cowl-fronted top, and a broad sash of olive-green faille ribbon tied at the side with loops and ends reaching to the hem of the skirt.

RICHMOND BARRETT has written an entertaining novel—Madam. You can hate his heroine for all you are worth. (Published by Liveright.)

"How can I love a household drudge!" he stormed . . . .

. . . *yet my husband's anger brought me to new happiness*

IT almost broke my heart when Tom shouted at me that day. I knew I wasn't a pretty sight—but wasn't I slaving over a hot oven in August just for his sake? Men were cruel—unappreciative, I sobbed.

But when I got over my tears I looked in the mirror and saw that he was right. Every man loves good food—but he wants to be proud of his wife as well. How could I keep my looks, I wondered, and still carry on my duties as a housewife and cook?

How I Solved My Problem

Just then my cousin walked in the door. Despairingly, I blurted out my troubles to Annie.

"Don't worry, Jane," she said. "I know just the thing. There's a set of cookbooks I've used for years. They show how to prepare the most delicious meals you ever ate—and *with practically no time spent* in the kitchen."

"Annie!" I breathed. "Where can I get those books?"

"I'll get them for you," promised my cousin. "And two others that will help you regain your good looks."

When I got the booklets on cooking I followed every suggestion like gospel. I could scarcely believe it—but I actually found my kitchen time cut in half! Best of all, those other booklets of Annie's helped me repair the damages neglect had done to my face and figure.

Now when Tom comes home I am as crisp and fresh as if I hadn't done a stroke of work. Yet he just *raves* over the meals he gets.

Five Magic Booklets

For the benefit of its women readers—and indirectly, for their men-folk as well—Liberty has had experts write these five booklets which should be in every home.

"100 Standard Recipes" is the kitchen standby of more than 100,000 women. Every recipe was carefully selected as an essential one. Every recipe has been *actually tested* in the kitchen. All instructions are simple to follow and each dish is easy to prepare. Your family will love every one of the meals and you'll be grateful for their simplicity.

"Hot Weather Recipes" is a lifesaver for women during the hot days of the summer. It tells you how to plan your cooking so as to stay out of the kitchen as much as possible, and suggests summer menus quickly prepared, yet tasty and filling.

"Salads, Sandwiches and Summer Drinks" is just the thing when guests drop in or the family decides to go on a picnic. And the salads and sandwiches will come in handy when quick lunches are in order.

"Liberty's New Book of Beauty" is a thorough, practical book on beauty problems. Tells how to take care of your complexion, your hair, your hands, how to get rid of wrinkles, what colors are most becoming to blondes, brunettes, or titians, how to apply makeup, and everything else you need to know.

"Reducing" tells how to reduce, safely, sanely and painlessly! Gives sample menus, reducing diets, calory tables and suggested exercises. If you want to take off flesh in one spot only—chin, hips, etc.—this booklet tells how. Like the Beauty Book, it's cleverly written and illustrated.

Worth $1 Each —Cost 10¢

The recipes in these cookbooks—the beauty and reducing advice in the others—make each of these booklets worth easily $1.00 each. But Liberty prints them for service, not profit, so they're only ten cents apiece. And—like Jane—you may find them invaluable for the happiness their help can bring!

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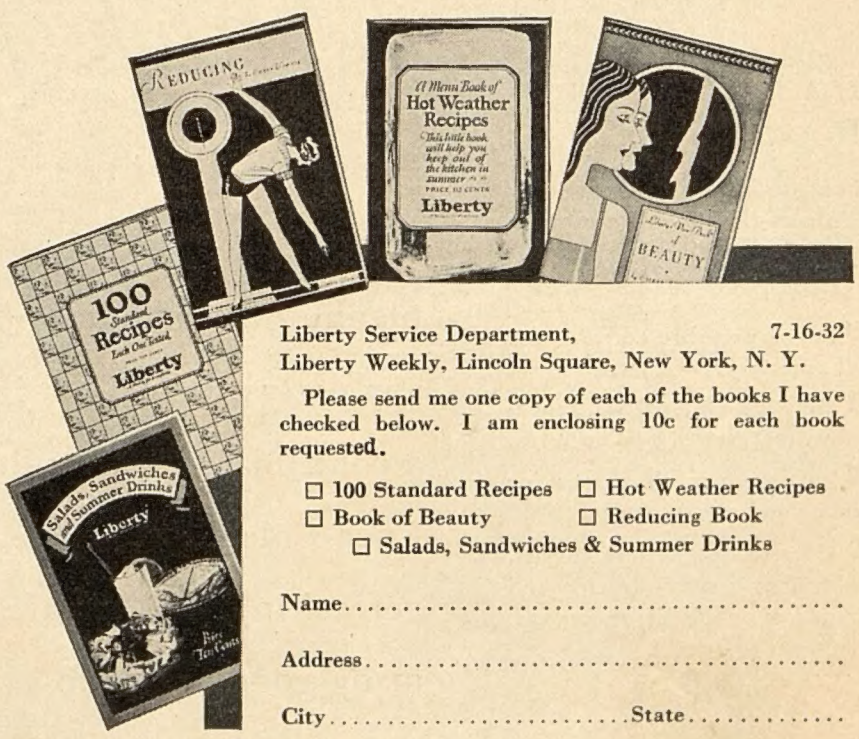

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